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FEBRUARY 25, 1978 50 CENTS

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## Next week

**WHAT DO BENCH, UNITS, FRAMES, REVIEWS, LIVES, KELLY et al have in common?** They are taking part in a sort of decathlon to decide who is the world's best athlete—sort of.

**RACE DRIVERS** dream of the perfect circuit, but it took Jackie Stewart to design the master plan for a dream course that might well turn out to be all things to all motorists.

**BROADWAY'S BEST** this season has to do with sport, and now comes David Storey's dazzling play, *The Changing Room*. An exclusive excerpt, plus Storey's own thoughts.

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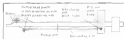
Sometimes high fidelity people lose sight of what it's all about: Sound.

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"A listening test proves to bring new life to many records, noticeably reducing distortion on the inner grooves." *Radio Electronics*.



"From about 7 in. diameter to runout, the Zero 100 delivers considerably less distortion and greater definition than with the same pickup mounted in a standard arm. The improvement in sound quality is notably impressive."

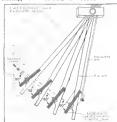
*Elementary Electronics*.

"The articulated arm of the Zero 100 produced less distortion, and therefore greater definition, on high-level, musically complex passages, from the inner grooves."

*Hi-Fi Stereo Buyers' Guide*.

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# BOOKTALK

"The Glory Game" is soccer—and a new book finds the cost of glory comes high

**B**ald, lumpy-nosed Eddie Bailey, assistant manager of the Tottenham Hotspur Football Club, stands on the sidelines and screams at his players, and the better the player the louder the screams. "Bloody internationals," he cries. "Play for England but they won't play for us. GET MOVING! DON'T BLOODY STAND THERE! ... Too much publicity. It's gone to his head."

Manager Bill Nicholson, a nonverbal old-timer with all the panache of a codfish fillet, is slightly more restrained. "... mostly his shouts were sudden: blurted-out oaths of panic and fury, burying his face in his hands. ... The team doctor, Brian Cartin, describes Nicholson: "People keep on saying he's dour and callous and brutal but he's not. Underneath he's a soft bastard. ..."

Common to all the Spurs—players and coaches and doctor and directors and supporters—is the terrible pressure of professional soccer, a game in which mistakes are hard to conceal and far more than money rides on every corner kick and tackle. Spurs

captain Alan Mullery sees the tension in his quiet manager—"You just have to watch Bill before a match. His hands are shaking so much he can't hold a cup and saucer." A player is dropped, and he might as well jump from Lord Nelson's hat. "It was like getting stabbed when I lost my place," says Fullback Joe Kinnear. "You see the lads every day but you're not part of them anymore."

The club suffers from what once was called the New York Yankee Syndrome. The Spurs, one of England's finest teams, are expected to win every game, the players are programmed to play errorless ball and the coaches are pileried if the club has the ruddy cheek to lose a match. Only perfection will do.

Author Huster Davies, who spends six months of each year as an editor of the London *Sunday Times* and six months writing such disparate works as his biography of the Beatles and *The Rise and Fall of Jake Salfar*, has rung the bell in *The Glory Game* (Westendfeld and Nicolson, London, £2.95). What a pity that the fluid sport called soccer is so alien to Americans, and the book will find small audience here. Davies spent a season with the Spurs, on the field, in the community bath after the match, in their homes and on the road. The result is a team biography that snacks in places of James Joyce's *Joy Day* in the *Conestime Room* and the best

work of Arnold Bennett and Alan Sillitoe and Henri de Montherlant. Davies praises the Spurs and plies them—"They lead regimented lives, completely at the power of a manager who can ordain their every movement and trained by ex-players whose own playing lives were light-years away from the conditions of today." He could have titled the book *The Misery Game*. But henceforth every player came to the scaffold willingly and quotes Mullery: "I've had 13 good years. I've had all the good times. ... I'd have been nobody but for football."

And there are tasty rewards. Martin Chivers, who has been reminded all season that he cost the Spurs a record £190,000, wins a match almost on his own, ramming in two stunning goals. Now he clomps into the dressing room and finds Eddie Bailey, insulter and abuser extraordinary, braying, "What can I say? I can't say nuffink, can I? You've knocked me out, Martin. I'm out for the count. I'm on the floor bleeding for a count of three and you're saying four, five, six, seven—out! Martin, what can I say?"

What can we say to this fine journalist, Huster Davies? We can't say nuffink neither. He has knocked us out with one of the best sports books in years, and maybe the best book ever on soccer.

—JACK OLSIN

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—Diary of a Texas cattle drive, 1866.  
Quoted in *The Cowboys*

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have a Buick?**

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## AN ATTACK ON THE CITADEL

Not that they are likely to change the face of sport in America—or even in their own school district—but a group of parents in Maryland has mounted a stinging attack on the way scholastic sport is handled. A school board in Howard County had proposed a revised athletic program that could, according to its critics, adversely affect things like intramurals and girls' sports while increasing even further interscholastic competition in the major sports. The parents came before the board in protest.

"Interscholastic athletics are for the few, not the many," charged Peter Weymouth, one of the objecting parents, "but it is possible to envision a sports program large and varied enough to involve all students." He argued that activities like gymnastics, tennis, golf, volleyball, swimming, table tennis and other such are "free from the risk of serious injury and can be enjoyed for many years after leaving school."

A variety of minor sports, conducted on an intramural level, would "be capable of generating excitement, developing school spirit and contributing to the health and well-being of the students involved," whereas overemphasis on varsity sports, he said, leads to such aberrations as school involvement in noneducational areas—problems relating to tickets, parking, concessions, advertising for programs and the like. Weymouth particularly attacked football, asserting, "It is the only sport where serious injuries are anticipated—without disappointment. It is hard to reconcile the board's support of football with all its risks and very limited educational value."

Another parent, Mrs. Angela Beltram, said, "There certainly is too much emphasis on winning. Is working a boy to death physical education?" Weymouth agreed, saying, "A need to win has taken much of the fun out of high school sport." He said student athletes spend

too much time under pressure, attending long practices after school, playing in weekend games, reporting for practice in summer well before the school year starts. And he questioned "whether team-oriented sports are the best way to develop the physical skills of our high school students."

The board said it would undertake a full review of the situation.

## CAR PLAYER

One of the features of live telecasts of PGA tournaments is a nearest-to-the-pin contest on a specified par-3 hole. The golfer who puts his tee shot closest was an automobile. During 1972, 30 cars were given away in such competition, and Jerry McGee won four of them (Tony Jacklin took three, but no other golfer won more than once). Because McGee failed to win a tournament during the year and finished far down in the money list, perhaps the PGA should create a new category to recognize Jerry's unique talents, something like Year's Leading Auto Winner.

## WILD BLUE

There is no closed sector on football in Texas. Even now in February, during the no-man's time between the last bowl game and the first spring-practice session, Texas coaches are up in the air over their annual recruiting race for outstanding high school players. It seemed for a time that a dogfight might break out over Odessa, home of five all-state players, but Darrell Royal of the University of Texas and Emory Bellard of Texas A&M were merely coming to town in private jets at the same time.

Each of the major schools has its own air force, so to speak, even Baylor, one of the smallest colleges in the Southwest Conference. Baylor Coach Grant Teaff has three private planes he can call on, plus another owned by the school. "In the 13 months I've been here," says Teaff, "I've logged 300 hours in the air. In

one month I'll speak at 20 high school banquets and visit 80 prospects in their homes, practically all of them in different cities. Texas is a unique recruiting sector. It's demanding and very competitive."

Most of the aircraft are provided by wealthy alumni. "The athletic department could not handle the astronomical costs," says Jim Brock, assistant athletic director at Texas Christian. TCU has four planes at its disposal. "A private jet can burn up \$1,000 in fuel in a day. And then there's the pilot's time. Plus the planes are necessary, and every coach uses them. They save time, they let a coach go directly into the smaller towns. And the schools save money."

## DOWN AND OUT IN ENGLAND

You may never have heard of a fighter named Harry Bart, a bantamweight who fought in England for 39 years beginning more than half a century ago. Harry



is 70 now and proud. He claims he was knocked out a total of 650 times, and he would like to know of any fighter anywhere who can match that record. The high point of his career was a 20-round bout in which he won the bantamweight championship of the county of Middlesex, but the low spots are what he likes to talk about. "I have heard more people shouting, 'Get up!' than any other boxer living," he says. "I was the best customer at a hospital in Leeds, my hometown. Once I was in a coma for a fortnight."

All the blows through all the years have had small adverse effect on Harry.

*continued*

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"I was cast iron," he says. "I wasn't a defensive boxer and I had no fear." He even remembers, with considerable nostalgia, a fight he had once outside the ring when a boxer named Cockney Samuels slammed Bart in the mouth because of a presumed slight. "That was a good punch," says Harry wistfully. "I enjoyed that."

#### BRIDGE BAN

Soviet authorities have dealt a Yarborough to bridge players. According to the newspaper *Sovetski Sport*, the board of the USSR Sports Committee has condemned bridge as "having nothing in common with the Soviet system of physical education and . . . socially harmful." In recent years bridge has become highly popular in the Soviet Union, and organized federations have thrived in Estonia and Lithuania with intercity competition. No more. Authorities say the formation of bridge clubs is "absolutely inadmissible." Indeed, playing bridge or any card game in public places, such as cafés, trains and even at the beach, is forbidden, and anyone caught can be fined. Moscow commuters, take note.

#### MORE ON LOSERS

Only five miles from Piedmont College (SCORECARD, Feb. 19), the school whose 47 straight losses set a new NAIA basketball record, is a small junior college called North Georgia Tech. North Georgia Tech has an 0-22 record. Just think: two teams in a five-mile area with a combined won-lost record of 0-69. Want, check that. Piedmont later extended its streak to 50, so make it 0-72. And not very far away in Tennessee, Friendsville Academy ended a 138-game losing streak by beating St. Camillus Academy 62-53. For Friendsville, it was the first win in six years. For St. Camillus it was the 49th defeat in a row.

#### UPBEAT NOTE IN PHILLY

Not everything is bad in Philadelphia, despite W. C. Fields and endless jokes about Eagles and 76ers and the age-old traditions of last-place baseball teams. When the Philadelphia Teachers' Federation strike closed schools this winter, it also shut down interscholastic basketball competition, an appalling blow to the city's high school players, from whose ranks have come an impressive number of college and profes-

sional stars. While striking and non-striking teachers, the mayor, the school board, newspapermen and other vocal commentators were trading accusations and accomplishing little, a man named Sonny Hill went quietly and effectively to work.

There were plenty of schoolboy players, even teams, sitting idly about. Hill rallied them around, lined up volunteer coaches, found suitable gymnasiums, arranged for officials and schedules, even imposed a truce among warring factions in neighborhoods into which some players were reluctant to go. The strike continued, but so did organized basketball, which is of vital importance to the kids involved. Philadelphia may still be a loser's town, but in Sonny Hill it appears to have a winner.

#### FAIR EXCHANGE

Two of the most renowned women athletes in Australia, far from being envious of each other, have decided to trade skills. Swimmer Shane Gould, who won three gold medals during the Munich Olympics, likes tennis. Tennis star Evonne Coolidge, 1971 Wimbledon champion, likes swimming. So Shane will improve her serve with lessons from Evonne, who in turn hopes to correct what she calls "my sloppy arm action" by listening to Shane. Their mutual-aid program may continue in the U.S. Shane will be going to school in California, and Evonne expects to compete on the American tennis circuit before Wimbledon. Now if they can only find a court and a pool.

#### A LITTLE GRASS SHACK

Hawaii's tourist industry is up to its ears in crisis, but not for lack of visitors. It's the other way around. Hotels on Oahu and most of the neighboring islands are so overbooked that some tourists with confirmed reservations cannot get rooms. The situation is so serious—that good is it having people come to Hawaii if they can't find a place to sleep—that officers of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau called on Governor John A. Burns last week and asked him to issue an appeal to homeowners to take in roomless tourists.

Such an overflow of visitors is unprecedented. In fact, a year ago there was even talk that Waikiki was badly overbuilt. What caused the sudden ef-

florescence of travelers? "It was the Hawaiian Open golf tournament," says Robert Herkes, hotel association president. The final round of the tournament was played on a blissful, cloudless day with temperatures hovering in the pleasant 80s. Live TV coverage beamed that splendid weather onto color sets all over the cloudy, damp, frosty, foggy U.S. mainland. "I'm certain," Herkes says, "that the day after the tournament travel agents got thousands of calls from people who suddenly decided they'd like to visit Hawaii."

#### IF YOU DRIVE, DON'T BREATHE

Those who sometimes feel aches and pains around the heart as they wrestle their 1967 Gaspers through rush-hour traffic should not attribute such evidences of anginal pain to the stress and strain of expressway driving. According to an article in a recent issue of *Medical Tribune*, what causes pain in angina-disposed drivers is not the ordeal of driving in traffic per se but the concentration of carbon monoxide spewed from the abundance of automobiles. The article indicated that the incidence of anginal pain did not rise even in heavy traffic when compressed, purified air was supplied during the journey. This probably means you can yell all you want at the guy in the next car, just as long as you don't inhale.

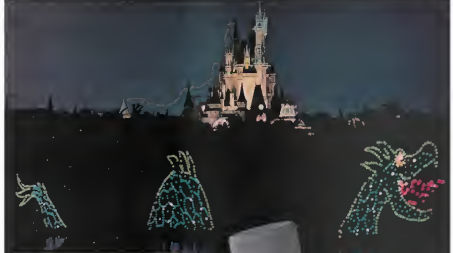
#### THEY SAID IT

- Jack Tillman, boxer, whose choirboy appearance belies his ranking as No. 7 in the world in the welterweight division: "I like the rating, but it's fun being the underdog. Guys would look across the ring and see my skinny arms and my scrawny chest and figure they had it made. I was sorry to see that look leave their faces."
- Jake Staples, of Louisiana State's Board of Supervisors, on LSU's appearances in the Sun and Bluebonnet bowls the last two seasons: "Every year we keep going to a minor bowl. If they have a Soybean Bowl next year, we'll probably be in that."
- Wayne Gibson, assistant athletic director at Miami University of Ohio, kidding a fellow coach in a speech during a sports banquet: "He's the only guy I know who wears two pairs of pants when he plays golf—just in case he has a hole in one."

END

**A noted authority on  
saving money  
talks about the  
GE lighting program for  
Walt Disney World.**

Millionaire Scrooge McDuck (standing in front of the  
“Electrical Water Pageant” at Walt Disney World) speaks his mind.



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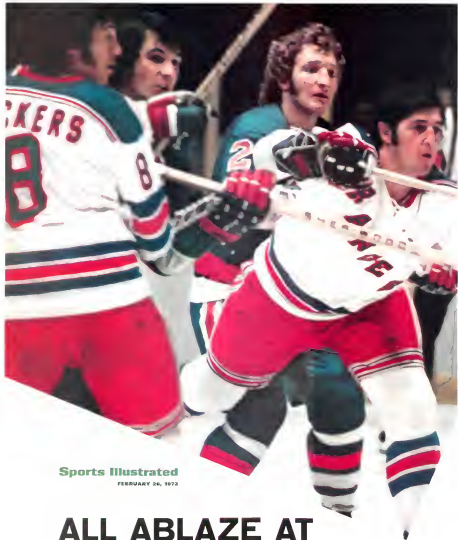
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**Sports Illustrated**

FEBRUARY 26, 1973

# ALL ABLAZE AT CENTER

*Hockey's most conspicuous young stars in many a year have surfaced at center ice. Their talents are brilliant, their backgrounds varied, their futures bright* **by MARK MULVOY**

*There is more gold in the rink than in mines for Walt Tkaczuk (foreground), Ranger strong boy.*

to see Emile the Cat in New York and orders him to return with Walt Tkaczuk—or else. But Emile Francis won't jump, not even when Sam's trusty bag-man hints he will sweeten the deal with a Times Square massage parlor or two. Then Sam wires Ned Harkness in Detroit and offers him four players as well as the e's off Grosse Pointe for Marcel Dionne. "No dice," Harkness says.

Thrice rebuffed, the Godfather realizes it would be senseless to phone his old friend Punch Imlach in Buffalo and inquire about the availability of Gilbert Perreault (see cover), the Sabres' dazzling 22-year-old center who grew up in Beliveau's hometown and already dominates his position the way *Le Gros Bul* once did. Pollock knows he cannot make Imlach any acceptable offer for Perreault.

"The kid is the best center in the game—bar none," Imlach says. "There's no way anyone can get Perreault out of Buffalo." Two years ago Perreault and the Sabres alike were rookies in the NHL, and the old clubs treated them with dis-

dain. The haughty New York Rangers, for instance, permitted Buffalo not even one lonely victory in 12 games over two seasons. But the days of defeat have ended, and the only thing conceivably boring about hockey in Buffalo is that Perreault and the Sabres win too often.

Last Thursday night at the raucous Aud in Buffalo, Perreault scored the winning goal as the Sabres whipped the Rangers for the fifth time in six games this season and moved back into the fourth and final playoff position in the East Division, two points in front of the Detroit Red Wings. While humiliating the Rangers, the Sabres improved their home record to 24-4-3—the best in the NHL. Perreault's French Connection line, with Rene Robert and Richard Martin on the wings, accounted for two more goals to reach a league-high 87 in just 58 games.

Of all the bright young centers Montreal would like to attach, Perreault most nearly deserves close comparison with the majestic Beliveau, because only he skates with such stately grace and sang-

*Continued*

**A**s hockey's biggest flesh merchant, Godfather Sam Pollock of the Montreal Canadiens likes to settle any nagging personnel problems by making his friends these staggering offers they cannot afford to refuse. For almost two years now Godfather Sam has been in semi-desperate need of a center to replace the retired Jean Beliveau. It's not that Sam isn't doing O.K. with Jacques Lemaire and Henri Richard at center ice. You can't fault first place. The thing is, Sam is a little greedy. He doesn't want just any center, mind you, but a classic center. So, as the new season warms up, Pollock looks around, sees that the NHL has more fine young centers—more potential Beliveaus—than any league this side of the Kremlin and signals for his telephone.

He calls Keith Allen, the head of the Philadelphia family, and says he will give the Flyers five warm bodies and the jukebox concession in Camden for Bobby Clarke, the best player in the West Division. Sure, Allen says, and I suppose you want Steve Carlton for the Expos, too. Next Sam dispatches an emissary

*Seven of a famous father, Pitt's Syl Apps Jr. spars with a prodigal Bruin, Derek Sanderson.*



froid. To get his decisive goal against New York, Perreault, his bowed legs working with deceptive speed and perfect balance, gave Defenseman Dale Rolfe a hip fake, two leg fakes, a couple of shoulder fakes, a hatful of head fakes and a few eye blinks, all the while controlling the puck with deft moves of his stick. As Rolfe reeled, Perreault fired the puck past Goaltender Ed Giacomin. "Perreault," says Boston's Bobby Orr, "is easily the most exciting player I've seen come into the league."

Who is this Perreault? And who are all these other young centers the God-father romances so assiduously?

"It is all I ever wanted to do, to be a hockey player," Perreault says, spacing out the words. He has been speaking English for less than two years, so it does not come easily, and as Perreault talks he nervously taps his heels against the floor. Although Beliveau also lived in Victoriaville, Quebec, Perreault never met him until he moved to Montreal himself and joined the Junior Canadiens in 1967. "I try not to copy Beliveau," Perreault says. "He was too great for me. Certainly I wanted to play with him in Montreal, but now, as I look back, I see that it was best for me that I come to Buffalo. I like it here. There is not so much pressure on me and I can play my game." Perreault plans to spend much of the summer in Victoriaville playing tennis and golf. "There is a big tournament at the golf club," he says. "It used to be called the Jean Beliveau Golf Tournament. Now they call it the Jean Beliveau-Gilbert Perreault Golf Tournament." Gil Perreault smiles.

"C'mon, Walter, I'm not waiting for you again today." Brad Park was impatient as Walt Tkaczuk finished dressing, but he had no choice. Tkaczuk was driving them home. Hockey's strongest center and its best penalty-killer, the 6', 190-pound, 25-year-old Tkaczuk earns about \$125,000 a year from the Rangers, but he has not forgotten the summers when he made as little as \$1 67 an hour working 3,300 feet below ground in the gold mines around South Porcupine, Ontario. "I was a stopper's helper when I was 16," Tkaczuk says. "The stopper is the man who traces the gold veins. I helped him carry the dynamite. I wore a helmet with a searchlight attached to the front, and I had a battery

gadget hooked to my side and a cord running from the battery to the light. Without the light I couldn't see a foot in front of me. If we knew one of our friends was passing by, we'd put out our lights and scare him. When the stopper located a vein of gold, he'd plant the dynamite and we'd both run off into these little caves and wait for the blasts to go off. You'd hear a bang!, then a boom! The bang was the cap shooting off, the boom was the dynamite. If you set six sticks, you waited for the six caps to go off. You never moved until the last one went off. Otherwise you might get killed. But the toughest part of the job was the shuttle trip to and from the surface. They'd pack 40 of us into a cage, like animals. We all had our work clothes on—and we all stunk. Then the cage would go so fast that my stomach would end up in my mouth. The cage broke a couple of years before I went to work there, and I think 12 or 13 people were killed."

Tkaczuk stood up and walked away. "C'mon, Brad"—he motioned to Park—"I'm not waiting for you again today."

Gary Bergman calls Marcel Dionne Little Beaver, after a midget wrestler, because Dionne stands 5' 7" "on the days when I stretch in the morning." But Dionne's lack of altitude has hardly handicapped him on the ice, last year as a 21-year-old rookie he scored 28 goals and 49 assists. And this season he already has 27 goals and 40 assists for the improving Red Wings.

"I can't be like Phil Esposito and just stand there in front of the net," Dionne says. "I've got to skate around and get lost in the crowd. A lot of people think I'm small, but I'm not. I weigh about 180 pounds—and that's not small. Guys bug me about my size, but I'm smarter than them and don't get into fights with them. When a big guy calls me Froggy or Pysqueak, I just tell him where to go and skate away as fast as I can."

Little Beaver skated away from the Sabres a few hours later and scored two spectacular goals in a Detroit victory. Afterward he spoke volubly about his early years, his love life ("I think I'm getting married this summer") and his plans for April ("We'll be in the playoffs"). His teammates grimaced at his nonstop verbiage.

"Your tongue sweating yet?" asked Tim Ecclestone.

Marcel voyaged blithely on. "The



Atlanta intellectual Curt Bennett encounters

puck," he was saying, "is no good until it is in the net." For Dionne the puck is very good indeed.

"Curt," said Emile Francis, "there's been a trade." And so Curt and Susan Bennett moved from the Rangers to the expansion Atlanta Flames last Nov. 28. At the time Bennett was a goal-less bench warmer for the Rangers; now he has scored 12 goals in 33 games as a regular center for the Flames. Bennett, 24, is one of hockey's new breed—Ivy League-educated with a degree in Russian studies from Brown.

Bennett and his wife practice yoga, in New York they sat before Swami Vishnudenanda and had \$1 vegetarian meals of beans and corn bread afterward. Susan, Pembroke '71, played the role of Mary Magdalene in a Boston concert version of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and now she sings five nights a week in a club in Atlanta. "She's gaining showmanship all the time," Bennett says. "She doesn't sing dopey songs. What I hear is that most people think she sings like Carly Simon."

Susan is needlepointing in their suburban Atlanta apartment on a night off,



Sabre G. Perreault, who lets his stick speak.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIDLO

week he set a club scoring record with his 60th point of the season. "He was not a dominant father by any means," Syl Apps Jr. says. "He used to come to the rink and watch me play when I was a kid, but then the other kids would bother him and he'd just leave." Apps Sr. is a minister of correctional services for the Ontario government now, and he sees his son play only when the Penguins appear in Toronto. "He never bothers me," Syl says. "Besides, you have to live on your own name these days. It would be a vain attitude on my part if I tried to outdo my father. If I start to compare myself with him, I'll probably go crazy."

He thinks for a minute.

"You know," he says, "I never saw my father play a game in the NHL."

No correctional service needed, thank you very much.

Bobby Clarke appeared at a Team Canada practice one day wearing a T shirt, cut-off Levi's and a pair of battered sneakers. "That's his Flin Flon summer suit," laughed a city slicker from Montreal. Maybe so, but the 23-year-old Clarke, who was born and raised in that Manitoba town, was one of Canada's few stars in the series against the Russians. Now he and Rick MacLeish, also 23, have combined to lift the Philadelphia Flyers, also known as the Broad St. Bulies and the Mad Squad, into second place in the West.

Clarke started the season by winning a Philly hockey-dollar showdown with Derek Sanderson and the Philadelphia Blazers of the WHA. Sanderson bailed out of a half-empty arena and drove back to Boston in his Rolls-Royce. Clarke plays on to packed Spectrum houses. "Derek and I have different lifestyles," Clarke says. "I'm very ordinary. I was raised that way, and I'm happy that way. I have a wife, a baby and a mortgage. My house has a small swimming pool, and I drive a Corvette. I don't enjoy making commercials and going to banquets, probably because I don't have enough self-confidence. Besides, I don't need any extra money. I'm making quite a bit [\$100,000 a year] more than I ever thought I'd make, and it's enough. I used to figure that if I was making \$18,000 or \$20,000 when I was 23, I'd be doing great. And now this."

Last week Clarke was the No. 3 scorer in the NHL with 26 goals and 49 as-

sists, while MacLeish, a former left wing and defenseman who was converted to center last season and is playing his first full year in the NHL, ranked No. 7 with 34 goals and 36 assists.

One night last week MacLeish scored four goals against the New York Islanders, all on wrist shots from about 20 feet away. It was a costly performance, however; in the game's closing minutes a deflected shot crashed against MacLeish's mouth, jarred several teeth loose, opened a gash in his face that needed 32 stitches to close and left him rather more bereft of speech than he usually is.

"Your teeth all right?" asked Goal-tender Doug Favell.

"Two are broken, but not all the way," MacLeish mumbled.

"Let me see the mess," said Defense-man Jean Potvin. "Hell, you won't be able to eat for days."

"That's O.K.," said Bill Flett. "You just get good and drunk tonight."

MacLeish laughed and grimaced simultaneously. "It's been a tough year," he said. "I'm going to have my knee operated on at the end of the season, and I'm also going to have my tonsils removed. I feel like I've been hit by a train."

Which is the way the goalies on other teams around the league are beginning to feel as Perreault and the rest emerge front and center.

END

The Flyers' Rick MacLeish rips into Boston.



while Curt displays his paperback collection of more than 1,000 books. They range from the ordinary to the psychic. "As you see," Bennett says, "the books get freakier as you go along." On the floor in the living room is a compact edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, some 13 volumes that have been microfilmed into two.

Bennett worries about the effect his education has on his teammates. "I never want to become condescending," he says, the hint of a drawl on his Canadian lips. "What's encouraging about Atlanta is that most of the guys on the club read books when we travel. People who read tend to be less critical and tend to enjoy life more. Everyone needs an escape from hockey."

"Geez, listen to me, I'm beginning to talk like a Southerner."

Susan drops her needlework and gives a little shrug.

Sylvanus Apps Sr. is in the Hockey Hall of Fame after a distinguished career as a centerman for the Toronto Maple Leafs. Sylvanus Apps Jr., 25, belongs to the Pittsburgh Penguins, heretofore innocent of Hall of Fame material. Last



## PUTTING THE ARM ON A KING

*Margaret Court, 12 times a winner, awaits—more or less eagerly—Billie Jean King's return to form*

by JOE JARES

**M**argaret Smith Court of Albury, New South Wales and Perth, Western Australia—or whatever city or resort the tennis caravan is camped in any week—has such spectacular reach that zipping a shot past her or lobbing over her is exasperatingly difficult. Even though she is a strapping 5' 9", she moves quickly and needs the minimum number of strides to cover the maximum amount of ground. Awed opponents have nicknamed her The Arm. This year she has played in six tournaments, won them all and put the arm on some \$35,000.

Court began in January by beating Evonne Goolagong in both the finals of the Australian Open and the New South Wales Open. She came to the U.S. for her second ride on the lucrative Virginia Slims circuit and defeated fellow Aussie Kerry Melville in San Francisco, Nancy Richey Gunter in Los Angeles and Melville again in Bethesda, Md. Two weeks ago in the wind and cold in Miami she beat Melville once again. Court now has won 58 singles matches and 12 tournaments in a row, and there reportedly is a movement afoot among the other women to pay her fare to the Group A men's tour so she can play Rod Laver and Stan Smith. The ticket would be one-way.

Whipping Melvilles, Goolagongs and Gunters week after week is impressive, but where was Billie Jean King, who won \$117,000 in 1971 and \$119,000 in

*Court shows the power of her overhead game.*



1972? Way down there on the 19th rung of the Virginia Slims prize-money ladder, that's where, with a measly \$1,375 beside her name. After the rich tournament at Boca Raton, Fla. last October (won by then-amateur Chris Evert), King took her "first vacation in seven years." When she started practicing again, perhaps she overdid it. She suffered an inflammation of a tendon in her right wrist and—except for one doubles match—had to miss the first three Virginia Slims events. She returned to action in Miami and lost in the second round to Karen Krantacke.

"I had three match points and I lost," she said. "I blew it. I had a nice little high backhand volley, which is my bread-and-butter shot, and just plinked it into the bottom of the net."

"Some people come back from a lay-off fresh and revived," says Court, "but Billie Jean was a bit patchy. I guess it's going to be a while." She did not sound at all sad about it.

And how about King on Court? "I've watched her a little," Billie Jean says without enthusiasm. "I guess everyone thinks she's playing great. I dunno—Margaret to me just plays the same all the time. She's just a good, solid, tough player because of her height."

The fact is that the two of them have been staging classic battles ever since they first met at Wimbledon in 1962. Court—Margaret Smith then and at 20 the No. 1 woman in the world—was the top seed. Billie Jean Moffitt, an 18-year-old fustibudger from Long Beach, Calif., upset her in three sets in the opening round. But Court beat King in the Wimbledon final the next year, smashed her all through 1964 and beat her in the Forest Hills final in 1965. King beat Court in the Wimbledon semis in 1966, after which Court retired for almost two years. Their greatest battle was the 1970 final at Wimbledon, where Court, on her way to a Grand Slam, won a 2½-hour marathon 14-12, 11-9.

For various reasons, including having a baby last March, Court did not join Virginia Slims until late last year. She and King met in four finals and each won two, but King beat her in the Forest Hills semis 6-4, 6-4. Now Court practically owns the tour that King fought so hard to build and that used to be her nearly exclusive property.

Her battles this year on the winter and summer Slims circuits should con-



*King, last year's champion, wins an exhibition match for the Women's Political Caucus.*

tinue the entertaining tradition, especially after King gets herself back into top condition, which she estimates will be in the middle of March at Richmond, Va. when the real struggle for female supremacy will begin.

Last week, with a break in the schedule, Court went down to rest and practice at the Ocean Reef Club in Key Largo, King, before going to the Shipyard Plantation in Hilton Head, S.C. to practice and work on her forthcoming book, played in and won a little exhibition tournament in New York City to benefit the National Women's Political Caucus. The next day, in a Manhattan office building, she talked about getting back into the tour fight.

"When I get in shape I feel I should dominate," she said, "but right now Margaret is tournament-tough. I feel like

I can be No. 1, but I know the effort involved. That's one of the advantages Margaret and I have: at our age we know exactly what effort is involved to be on top. We've been there. Whether I'm willing to go through the effort to do it is something else."

Then she paused for just an instant, perhaps mentally picturing the crown and racket-shaped scepter going to Margaret. But the scene inside her head was obviously distasteful and she suddenly jerked the throne away just as her rival was sitting down.

"I am, I'm willing to go through it again. I'll start running. I'll do it. That's it. Finish."

Literally wearing rose-tinted glasses and carrying a copy of the new cartoon book *Wonder Woman*, she hurried off to her hotel to pack.

END

# DR. K, BIG CAT AND LITTLE TUBBY

*Roll them together with Mr. Nice and Billy Bipp, and they spell sunshine and maybe a Missouri Valley championship for Memphis State, where racial turmoil and defeat were once the order* by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Let's run this up the flagpole one time. We get this head coach who doesn't smoke or drink or curse or even look like he does any of that bad stuff, see. Get him to act so nice nobody believes it. Bring some local kids in here, blacks and whites, mix 'em up, understand, so everybody in town has some favorites. Get a cute little tubby guard who can turn into an all-star Porky Pig right before your very eyes. Have him work with children and be an 'example' and all that. Get a big junior-college stud, call him Dr. K or something and turn him loose. Then get the mayor to issue proclamations, the governor to phone up, invite all the celebs. And top it off with your publicity guy doing poetry—something like "Meet me in St. Louis, Wooden." Socko numbers like that. Then throw the whole thing out there into college basketball and watch it take off. We'll knock 'em dead, baby. Instant Lap-Up."

And so it has been, away down south at the confluence of three states where Tennessee Big Oranges, Ole Miss Rebel Flags and Arkansas Pig Sooseys lap up with the Tigers of Memphis State. Over the past three seasons there is not one team—not even Alabama, Minnesota or Maryland—that has improved its station so much or so fast as the one coached by Gene Bartow.

Last week, after it concluded the home portion of its schedule by wiping aside Wichita State 99-77 and West Texas State 116-79, Memphis State had a 19-4 record and a commanding two-game lead in that strange and puzzling old conference known as the Missouri Valley. The team looked adequately prepared and peaking for a final run toward its first outright league championship. Ahead are three more games on the road—in The Pit at North Texas State, against New Mexico State's resurrected John Williamson and at St. Louis, where the Tigers have never won. Even so, they should have

*High flyer Larry Kenon, who can go without the ball, brought a magic to Memphis.*



enough left to withstand fast-finishing Louisville and surprising Tulsa and get to the NCAA playoffs.

This is the dream that Bartow, a scholarly looking fellow who is called Clean Gene by his admiring players, has nurtured since coming to Memphis in 1970. Upon arrival from his previous head coaching position at Valparaiso ("Li'l Valpo," he calls it), Bartow encountered a program that had fallen on hard times, racial turmoil, losing streaks and knife fights. The Tigers had lost 56 of 76 games and finished last in the league they had recently joined for three straight years.

Good vibrations were imminent, however. Two hometown players from Melrose High, Larry (Little Tubby) Finch and Ronnie (Big Cat) Robinson, joined the varsity the same year Bartow appeared. If the coach was Mr. Nice, the sunny dispositions of Finch and Robinson outshined even him. It was Soul of Sunnybrook Farm and Strawberry Fields Forever.

In the beginning Bartow opened up the Memphis attack. Finch was given his head outside, Robinson gobbled up everything inside and the Tigers raced to records of 18-8 and 21-7. That first year Bartow had his team playing for a share of the Valley championship on the final day, and last season Memphis defeated Louisville twice only to lose the title in a playoff.

Through all of this the unobtrusive Bartow was a promoter. With the help of an energetic, rhyme-wielding publicity man named Bill Grogan, he intimated such items as spotlighted pregame introductions, uniformed color guards, banners, posters and several categories of blue and white pomponed young lovelies whirling about during the games. Bartow was so impressed with the crowd enthusiasm at Drake, in fact, he took the director of the Memphis State band, Dr. Tom Ferguson, to Des Moines to scout the rival band and organist. "Someday we're going to have an organ," Bartow says wistfully.

Already Bartow has an imposing house organist in the person of Isaac Hayes, the Black Moses of Rock and a rabid Tiger fan who helps with recruiting. It is not unusual to see Hayes drive up to a Memphis State game in his \$26,000 Cadillac with velvet upholstery, TV set and gold-plated hubcaps and stun the crowd with his shaved skull, wolf-skin accessories and fox on each arm.

"We win the Valley," says Finch, "and Isaac will throw a little party. A little \$10,000 party."

The rejuvenation of Memphis State basketball seems to have hit the metropolis at a particularly opportune time, coming as it did after the terrible April afternoon in 1968 when the assassination of Martin Luther King tore the city apart. A harsh polarization of the races followed, and it was only recently—as the Tigers' success took hold of the populace—that the wounds began to heal. Credit has been given. At the close of last season Mayor Wyatt Chandler said, "This team has unified the city like it's never been unified before. Black and white, rich and poor, old and young are caught up in its success. Memphis is a better city now, thanks to the Memphis State team."

As Finch and Robinson have taken accolades for bringing togetherness to the campus (the school's 13½ black enrollment is said to be the largest percentage of blacks at any major university in the land), so have they endured responsibility for the Tigers becoming the mystery team of the year. On occasion Memphis has been overwhelming with 6' 10" JC transfer Larry (Dr. K) Kenon, a superior rebounder who is certainly the MVP in the Valley, doing his stuff and Finch and Robinson operating at peak efficiency. It sometimes has been underwhelming, too. Finch and Robinson have experienced their worst season together, and as a result the Tigers have been capable of looking horrendous—as they did in an 83-69 loss at Louisville two weeks ago when they shot 23½ in the first half, and as they did at the beginning of the season. That was when the team lost three of its first five games as Bartow struggled with different lineups and an injured Robinson. Then the Tigers went on a 14-game winning streak, during which the coach installed a zone-trap defense employing three substitutes, freshmen Bill Cook and Clarence Jones and another junior-college product, 6' 7" Billy Buford.

While Cook, a local hero himself this family together with the Finch and Robinson clans might fill one side of the Mid-South Coliseum, and Jones can be groomed slowly, Memphis will need the extremely quick Buford down the stretch. His daring, frenetic style has become a crowd delight, yielding a fan club and "Bill's My Thrill" T shirts. Buford

missed the Louisville game with an eye injury, which may be one reason why the Tigers were blown out. Two nights later at Tulsa he scored 11 points, forced five turnovers and got two steals and four loose balls as Memphis won in overtime. Last Thursday Buford entered the Wichita game with the Tigers ahead 18-14. When he left eight minutes later his team led the game 41-19.

"Billy Bipp, he's our Fire Man," says Finch. "A man goes for a loose ball against Bipp, he better watch it up side his neck."

Memphis has counted heavily on depth to produce some important victories. Against Drake, Doug McKinney, who would be the fifth guard on a depth chart, scored at the first-overtime buzzer and Buford got 10 points in the two overtimes as Memphis won. Against Arkansas, Jim Luss, who might not even make a depth chart, hit the winning free throw at the end. Still, if the Tigers are to get to St. Louis and the NCAA finals, Finch and Robinson must play back to the form that they showed in their junior year.

One man close to the team says it is a matter of the two "reshaping their egos" to accommodate the stardom of Kenon. The feeling is that Finch has finally accomplished this but Big Cat has not. "I hear of this Kenon taking over stuff," says Robinson, "but look, if the dude can do it let him do it. I just want one thing—to get to the NCAA. There are no jealousy hangups."

Last week, as the two senior stars finished their careers at home in the game against West Texas State, an outpouring of love and adulation left few dry eyes in the house. It was a sensational and emotional valentine for the hometown pair, and one had to be impressed by the affection accorded Finch and Robinson and their families. Governor Winfield Dunn telephoned his regards earlier. Mayor Chandler presented farewell tributes. A radio station announced a trophy. Certificates were handed to the crowd designating "one-millionth fan" night. Even the absence of Isaac Hayes, who was supposed to have written a ballad for the two seniors and introduced the starting lineups and sung a song as well, could not run the occasion.

As a matter of fact, Big Cat and Little Tubby just laughed that off. They were thinking of another day. Meet them in St. Louis, Isaac. **END**

**DOGGY  
DOINGS IN  
THE GARDEN**

The stuffy atmosphere of Westminster was less dense this year, but the dog people barked as loudly as ever **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**



A dog show would hardly seem the place for catcalls, but there they were last week in Madison Square Garden, a solid round of boos and jeers. They were directed at a stately judge, Mrs. Augustus Riggs IV, who had just picked a white standard poodle, Ch. Acadia Command Performance, as the best-in-show at Westminster. In the opinion

of knowledgeable dog people the pool-dogs deserved the win as the best of the more than 3,000 entries, but the 10,000 spectators were not all knowledgeable dog people, and they obviously favored two others of the six finalists. One was a splashy Afghan, Ch. Khayyam's Apollo, handled by a show-ring rarity, a black man, Eugene Blake. The second choice

was Ch. Sagamore Toccoa, a silver-buff cocker spaniel that had been the insiders' favorite before the 97th annual show began.

But the hassing made little difference to Edward B. Jenner of Richmond, Ill., the visibly elated co-owner, with Jo Ann Senn, of Ch. Acadia Command Performance. After years of futility, Jenner finally had a dog, or rather half of a dog, that made it to the top and no jeers could dim his cheer. "I've tried for 35 years to do it in the Garden!" he exclaimed as fans of the losers grumbled off into the night. "You can't believe it's going to happen!" Even Ch. Acadia Command Performance, called Bart by intimates, was happy. He kept jumping up at his handler, Frank Sabella, who had stood guard during the day while the dog rested and had his topknot put up with rubber bands in preparation for the big event. For Bart, the win means more available bitches and for the owners more money because Westminster is the most prestigious show in dogdom. There are bigger shows and—some say—better shows but none has more status.

To the diversified collection of people who are deeply involved in the dog game—sometimes seriously called “doggy doings”—Westminster is a combination Sugar Bowl, trade fair, marathon



dance, bugged Watergate and two-day journey inside a rush-hour subway car, with, as one might expect, a most distinct air of its own. The conditions are grueling and they are sometimes made all the more trying by the ushers and guards that the Garden unleashes on patrons like a kennelfull of attack-trained Dobermans. This year even the show catalog, which sold for \$2.50, was a challenge. The printer apparently used sugared water instead of glue in the binding, and when opened in the Garden's steamy air any one of the 328 pages was likely to spring loose. When officials of the tight little Westminster Kennel Club actually were apologetic about the catalog instead of snarling, a number of dog show veterans began to wonder if maybe they weren't in the wrong kennel. For decade after decade the Westminster Kennel Club has been composed of starchy old-line New Yorkers who dissolved into the pages of Louis Auchincloss novels when the annual show was over, but in recent years they have begun to unbend, even to the point of holding press conferences. To the small clan of writers who regularly cover doggy doings, the most moving moment came when one reporter of 37 years' experience told Westminster Vice-President Robert V. Lindsay (a brother of Mayor John), "We've never had Westminster Club members come and talk to us as they have in the past few years—it makes us think we're human."

What makes Westminster a nightmare for both exhibitor and dog is the very thing that draws the public—it is a bench show. Every dog—win, lose or draw—has to stay in the Garden from nine in the morning until nine at night. After leaving the ring, dogs and owners go to an assigned cubicle in the benching area where, row upon row, they either await the next round of judging or ponder defeat while friends and strangers stop by to gab and gossip.

"A bench show is rough for the owners and rough for the dogs," said the Rev. George E. Sinkinson Jr., an Episcopal minister from Garrison Forest, Md., who has bewildered several bishops by breed-

ing bloodhounds under the name of The Rectory Kennel. "By 5 p.m. of the second day of a bench show, you can sense the tempers start to rise." There are some fanciers, especially those involved with larger breeds, who avoid Westminster altogether. Jacquin Sanders of Pound Ridge, N.Y., a bull mastiff breeder who did not bother to visit the Garden even to gossip, said, "Westminster isn't a big show for bull mastiffs. Our big show is the specialty, the show for bull mastiffs held once a year by the breed club." Asked why he shied from Westminster, Sanders replied, "Have you ever spent 12 hours in the Garden basement with a 150-pound dog?"

There are other reasons for complaints; some fanciers find the show rings at Westminster too small to past a dog. And last week in the showing of at least two breeds, there were growls from onlookers that the winner suffered badly from hip dysplasia. "It was like a horror movie where you hear the monster clumping down the stairs," said one insider of a winner that limped.

Robert Abady, the outspoken breeder of Bouviers, was present the first day even though he scorns shows as rife with politics. "Westminster is the culmination of the farce that goes on all year long," he said, looking around at the crowd. "Hostilities are rampant underneath but everyone comes with a smile."

For all the bitching, Westminster is still tops, even though, as Mrs. Barbara Ottum, a breeder of St. Bernards, of Fairmount, Maine, said, it is more of "a rat race" than a dog show. Asked why she came, Mrs. Ottum said, "We love it." Tom Renner, a fellow St. Bernard breeder, said, "We're complete idiots." Another masochist, Don Sturz, a gold-

en retriever breeder from Bellmore, N.Y., said, "I keep telling myself every year I'm not coming back, but, well, it's a big show, it's close, you meet friends, and people come by and ask if you have puppies for sale." Bob Schneider, who gave up directing TV commercials to raise German short-haired pointers and otterhounds, said, "Every year my wife and I say we're not coming back. But economically it has to be. We have a boarding kennel, and between boarding and grooming and the fact that I hope to get my professional



handler's license, well, the show has prestige and the contacts are invaluable."

Many visitors to Westminster spend most of their time wandering around the benching area talking to breeders about what dog would be best for them or their children. Some are in the market for a puppy of a certain breed. Mrs. Gwen Swann of Bury St. Edmunds flew over from England with her daughter Joanna, just for one day, "specially to see the Paps." The Pap or Papillon is a

continued

froufrou-type dog that is descended from the dwarf spaniel that was a favorite of Madame de Pompadour and Marie Antoinette. It is named Papillon, French for butterfly, because its erect, fluffy ears stick out from its head like the wings of that insect. Mrs. Swann exports her dogs to this country and she was interested in seeing what type of Papillons the Americans are producing. "I exported Lace Wings Litany, one of the most famous sires," she said. "He's dead now." Mrs. Swann, a Margaret Rutherford type, has been breeding, showing and judging Paps for 30 years, but this was her first visit to Westminster. She found the show less tiring than Crufts, the big English show that attracts twice as many dogs as Westminster and which she had attended the previous week. Mrs. Swann not only found the U.S. Paps different but remarked that Americans were more emotional about their dogs. "Americans pick up their dogs and cuddle and kiss them," she said. "That, the English would never do. Someone might see!"

The benching area, crammed with dogs and friends of dogs, was also lined with booths where vendors displayed leads, crates, dog food, sentimental doggy stationery, nutritional supplements and scoops, including one that boasted the snappy slogan, "It's in the bag with

Dogmatic." The most prominent display was manned, and manned is the word, by Captain Haggerty. The captain, who rarely uses his first name, Arthur, is 6' 3", weighs 330 pounds and has a bullet-bald head. Haggerty made captain as commanding officer of the U.S. Army K-9 Corps, and he is in the dog business up to the furrows on the back of his neck. The president of Captain Haggerty's School for Dogs Inc., he has an encyclopedic knowledge of canines and he will advise, for \$25 per consultation, a prospective owner on what breed might be best suited to meet his individual needs. Should an owner wish, he will also train a dog in obedience, for the stage or show, for hunting or full police-dog work or even to pull a sleigh. Captain Haggerty rents dogs, too. As of last week he had over 300 "compound dogs," mostly German shepherds with a few Dobermans, leased out to guard factories, warehouses, offices and construction sites. Another 40 of these animals were at home in Walkill, N.Y., as "backup dogs."

The former president of the Bronx County Kennel Club, Captain Haggerty has noted that many persons today are buying dogs because they feel threatened. "No matter what anyone who buys a

Dobe tells you," said the captain, "they're buying it for protection." American Kennel Club registration rankings bear out the trend to big dogs. Ten years ago, six of the top 10 breeds were small. Now five of those—Chihuahuas, Pekingese, cocker spaniels, Pomeranians and Boston terriers—have dropped out. In their places are Irish setters, St. Bernards, Labrador retrievers and Dobermans. One small breed, the miniature schnauzer, has also moved up into the top 10, but this is also a dog that doesn't do much backing down.

Not everyone at Westminster was happy about the trend to big breeds. Don Dubé of Mardonoff Kennels in North Attleboro, Mass., who was at the show with his St. Bernards, said, "We had the highest increase in registrations of all breeds, and that was unfortunate. When a breed becomes popular, the quality goes down." Dubé was not referring to the dogs at the show or to reputable breeders but to those animals produced by operators of so-called "puppy mills" who breed dogs by the thousands when a fashion sets in. The puppy-mill plague affects any number of breeds including the poodle, No. 1 in AKC registration, and the German shepherd, No. 2. Contributing to the problem are well-inten-

*continued*



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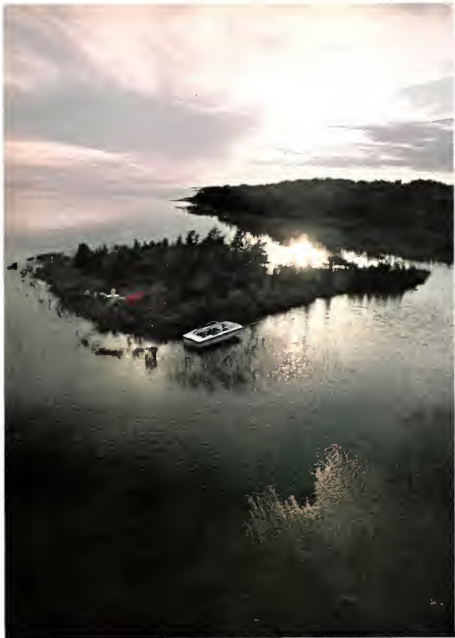
—The editors of Road & Track 1972 Annual

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In this picture everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's Lance Boyle. Gimmick: brags about wars he was never in. Yells "bombs away" as he flicks his French cigarette.
2. Sorry. He's Harvey Dibble. His restaurant specializes in dried prunes. Gimmick: smokes wheat germ cigarettes.
3. Eunice Trace, Starlet. Gimmick: restoring wholesomeness to movies. (Last film

review: "At last, a movie the entire family can walk out on.")

4. Smokey Stanhope, accountant. Gimmick: a guitar. Unfortunately makes the mistake of playing it. 5. Right. He's just himself. And he sees through all the gimmicks. That's why he wants an honest, no-nonsense cigarette. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. Made from fine tobacco.

6. Calls himself "Killer." Gimmick: thinks soccer uniform enhances his image. When he pulls out his chest, his pants fall down.

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20 mg "tar," 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '72

nosed but ignorant "backyard" breeders, the man down the street who has a boxer and wants to breed it with yours. Poor-quality dogs result, and the breed suffers. At the benches at Westminster there was some discussion of the German approach—where a breed club has to approve matings, and puppies that do not run true to type in appearance or temperament are destroyed. It is highly unlikely that this system will be accepted here in the foreseeable future, but meanwhile dog buyers are urged not to patronize pet shops but to seek out established breeders who stand behind their stock as sound.

Aside from seeking security, some people buy dogs for status. Beich told at Westminster credited status for the rise of the Irish setter and the Shih Tzu, whose registrations have almost doubled to over 5,000 in the four years since admission to AKC registry. The Shih Tzu, a peppy, long-haired little beast, was bred in days of old by eunuchs vying for position in the Chinese court, and today it seems destined to replace the less even-tempered Pekingese as the favorite lap dog of the storied fat lady nibbling bonbons as she sprawled on a chaise longue. The Irish setter is one of the most beautiful of all dogs but it is a breed that demands constant attention and training. "The Irish setter seems to be bought by an Irish Catholic husband who wants an Irish dog," said Captain Haggerty, himself without a trace of a brogue. "He goes off to work, leaving the dog with his Irish Catholic wife who is busy with the four Irish Catholic children who are two years old, three years old, four years old and five years old. Then they all wonder why the dog doesn't behave."

Breeds rise and fall in popularity as life-styles change. Mrs. Helen Ginnell of Bedford Hills, N.Y., a well-known breeder of dual purpose (show and field) Labrador, said, "The cocker spaniel is like silver fox. Who wears silver fox today? There's a sort of reverse status. The American water spaniel may be coming up. It's the first time I've noticed them at Westminster. Owning an American water spaniel is like wearing blue jeans instead of silver fox. The same with the Australian terrier."

Perhaps the most interesting trends involve dog people themselves. In place of the grand old kennel owners of yesterday are an increasing number of blue-collar exhibitors. Archie Bunker is deep

in doggy doings. An intellectual type who requested anonymity said, "I'm very close to a guy who went all out for Wallace I was for McGovern. If it weren't for our interest in the same breed of dog we wouldn't even talk to one another."

Another trend is family involvement. Don Sturz got into golden retrievers because his young daughter was afraid of dogs. That was five years ago. Last year she won a junior showmanship ribbon. As a matter of fact, Sturz stayed late on the closing night to watch his son in the junior showmanship finals. Junior showmanship, in which youngsters 16 or under are judged on their ability to handle, is not everyone's cup of tea (as the finals began, one woman stalked out of the press section, loudly asking, "Is this adult entertainment?") but the junior showmanship judge was Mrs. James Clark, who as Anne Hone Rogers got her start in junior showmanship and went on to handle three best-in-shows at Westminster.

And finally, some people are getting bored with just looking at their dogs lying around the house. Shows are one important outlet, field trials for hunting dogs another. The number of dogs shown has jumped from 200,000 to 700,000 in the last 10 years, and beagle, retriever and spaniel field trials have burgeoned. Hound enthusiasts from the show ring have started their dogs on the coursing trail. Just last year terrier fanciers formed the American Working Terrier Association. Trials are held in which terriers slavishly recall their hunting background and go to ground in an artificial "earth" with tunnels—to earn a certificate of gameness. According to Robert Belvino, a Kerry Blue man at Westminster, the driving force behind the working terriers is Jim Scharnberg of Valley Forge, Pa., a 35-year-old advertising art director who shows up at trials wearing knickers and a foraging cap. The working-terrier people even allow crossbred terriers to participate, and one dog that has them fascinated is the Jack Russell terrier from England. The Jack Russell can be registered neither in England nor with the AKC here but it is so spirited it has won a sort of superstatus in the canine underground. As Helen Ginnell said, "If someone asks you if you know the Jack Russell and you say yes, note how disappointed they are. That's status!"

END

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# EVERYBODY'S DOING

# THE HOT DOG

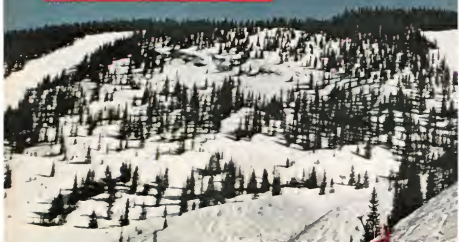
The hills are alive with the sound of whoopee. Why simply ski down a slope when you can walk right out into the air—this is called doing a Daffy. And then, as long as you're up there anyway, why not throw in a Helicopter—this is a 360-degree turn. Or a free-spinning sort of upside-down flying split cartwheel spreadeagle with a kick—this is called a mistake and you usually land on your left earlobe. Well, at least you are trying; other people crash and they're not doing anything more imaginative than a snowplow turn. It is the free spirit of thrashing around that counts now. This natural extension of recreational skiing is called hot dogging and it is a mania that has caught up the youth of the country. Hot-dog contests have sprung up, hot-dog language is spoken, some ski schools conduct lab courses in early hot dog, and the reason everybody gets to play this new game is that everybody can do some stunt, even if it is what this salty new vernacular calls the Butt Crusher. Scott Macrina at right is being a very big dog in his Double Flip for the national championships at Vail, and other hot doggers are falling out of the same Colorado sky on the next two pages. Each flight, according to the young patriarchs of hot dogging, is an ego trip. "There are inner limits and outer limits to skiing," says Dave Wheeler of Sun Valley. "The inner limits are a total drag." And now there are signs that this epidemic, our first successful skiing export, is spreading to Europe and the next sounds you hear will be someone talking about *le chien chaud* or *der heiße Hund*. "Awwright, man," as the doggers say—but let them try to translate the Triple Wallbanger.

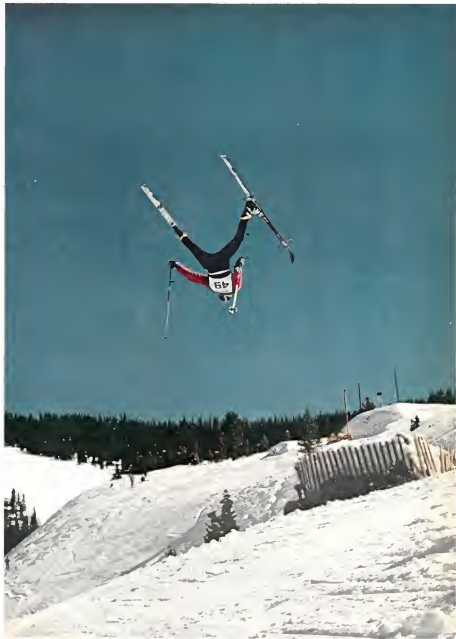
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER





All the world's a stage is a hot-dogger and every little movement has a meaning—and a term—of its own. Here are Ross Moreau doing a Pole Flip and Bill Burks a Butt Crusher, Wayne Wong a Royal Christie and Alan Jones a Floating Flip with a Split





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Gold Duster is engineering... it makes a difference.





Despite 17 world records, Ron Clarke is a nonhero in Australia, the enigma who never won a gold. At peace with himself, he runs still **by KENNY MOORE**



## BUT ONLY ON SUNDAY

**S**unday mornings Ron Clarke drives out from Melbourne past Puffing Billy and up Ferntree Gully into the Dandenong Hills. He parks near a roadside general store and waits. Other automobiles arrive filled with men wearing running shoes and shorts. T-shirts bear the names of nations, universities, beers. When their number reaches two dozen the men set off, trotting comfortably along the road's grass verges. Suddenly a runner veers into the bush and sprints away madly. The rest, Clarke among them, give howling chase. The trail, rich with loose rocks and tree roots, is overhung with brittle eucalyptus and huge wet ferns that Clarke, taller than his hurtling companions, catches squarely in

the face. In half a mile the leaders regain the road and jog, listening to the stragglers, the thump of bodies against its trees. The pack re-forms, gathers its strength and begins another wrenching charge through the forest. "I've been doing this since 1961," pants Clarke. "I don't care if I never set foot on a track again but I can't leave this."

The run is 17 miles. The road, with Australian bluntness, goes right at its hills, two- and three-mile stretches of rough gravel without a curve or dip or chance to rest. On the summits everyone wheezes and looks vaguely ill. "This is the best," says Clarke at the base of a mile of 30-degree pitch. "You know Dave Power, the bronze medal in Rome?

*continued*

He had to walk here." When Clarke has willed himself up and some color has returned, his voice is touched with reverence: "Such a hill. A brutal, magnificent hill."

Between 1963 and his retirement in 1970, Ron Clarke took part in 313 races over distances of half a mile to a marathon and won 202 of them. Along the way he broke 17 world records. If anyone were to reduce Jim Ryan's mile record of 3:51.1 by the 3.4" that Clarke wrung from the six-mile standard, he would do 3:43.2. Yet Ron Clarke did not win an Olympic or British Commonwealth Games gold medal and upon that omission he has been sternly judged.

Derek Clayton, once the world's best marathoner, trained with him. "I know Clarke better than he does himself. No emotions. The man couldn't lift himself in the important competitions. A machine. The Olympics or a club race, it was all the same to him."

"He was gifted physically, his records prove that," says Coach Percy Cerutti, who attempted to advise Clarke early in his career, "but he had no real mental drive. When he came up against men with spirit, he let them beat him."

In Australia, Clarke has in fact become a symbol of promises unfulfilled, of excellence somehow gone to waste. "Ron Clarke?" asks the cabbie or the girl who brings your beer. "Isn't he the bloke who never won anything?"

The kids are in bed. Ron and Helen Clarke, the latter a composed, capable woman with a soothing, mellifluous voice, invite friends over for an evening swim. After a few laps in the frigid little pool, Ron climbs onto one of the rocky ledges that make up the backyard. His Afghan hound, Shendi, attacks him with love. Since his retirement from racing Clarke has reversed the aging process. The graying crew cut has given way to thick, black curls that frame a face less drawn, less lined than the one that agonized through all those miles.

"I apologize for the mess this place is in," he says. Barbells and pulleys and sit-up boards that once had dominated the family rooms are being moved outside, displaced by a billiard table and a bar. "I've been too busy to see to things properly." He is general manager of Australia's largest sport-shoe company, he has three corporations (to receive royalties from endorsements and development of

health and fitness products), a position on Australia's Film Censorship Board of Review and a newspaper column.

Despite the assertions of his countrymen that his racing character was flawed, Clarke, relaxing in the warm December night wind, is clearly not weighed with remorse. "That's over," he says. "The races blur. My God, most of the time it seems as if the competitive runner was another person." Reminded of the 10,000 meters he won in the 1969 U.S.-U.S.S.R.-British Commonwealth meet in Los Angeles, Clarke had to consult a log of his travels to satisfy himself that he ran in the Coliseum at all that year.

"I did not win the Olympic gold medal," he says, "and that has given rise to the idiotic idea that I was no good in real competition. My only contention, and I'm leaning over backward to be fair, is that because of the altitude at Mexico City I had no chance against the Africans, and therefore the critics' point that I was incapable of winning remains unproved. Personally, I have no doubt at all that I was the best 10,000-meter runner in the world in 1968. At sea level I would have won easily." With some finality he dives back into the pool.

Clarke seems justified. In Europe before the Mexico Games he defeated 10,000-meter champion Nafisi Temu of Kenya and 5,000-meter gold and silver medalists Mohamed Gammoudi of Tunisia and Kip Keino of Kenya by margins that were comparable to those by which they beat him at the Games.

But there were other chances for gold. In the 1964 Olympic 10,000, Clarke led for most of the race and was outkicked by Billy Mills of the U.S. and Gammoudi. In the 1966 Commonwealth six-mile in Kingston, Jamaica, Clarke led most of the race and was beaten by Temu. At the 1970 Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh, Clarke was still in front down the last backstretch, but was outkicked by Scotland's Ian Stewart. These races gave him his reputation for crumbling under pressure. And even though they came following injuries or in tropical heat or during Clarke's decline toward retirement, in each he was probably the equal of any other entrant. Except for the peculiar nature of his running, he might have won them all.

Ron Clarke defied the one edict that, in contests among equals, approaches law: "The Pacesetter Never Wins. From running has an element about it of keep-

ing one's nerve that men in high places know. The leader competes against footsteps, spectators. He struggles to escape the clinging pack at the same time he fights to down his own cowardice. "There is fear," says Clarke. "I usually didn't think I'd be able to finish until I got into the last lap."

The follower has only to match the leader's pace. He enjoys a comparative calm in which he can relax and conserve his emotional energy for a final, unanswerable assault. Given these realities, few men running at the head of



**BREZZING IN OSLO.** Clarke produced a world record to order for a meet promoter in 1965.

a pack can avoid a feeling of sacrifice. Steve Prefontaine, explaining the savagery of his pursuit to break contact with his followers, says, "I hate to have people back there sucking on me."

Ron Clarke was a front runner, yet not in the classic mold of an athlete who has no finishing kick and therefore must set a hard pace out of desperation. On those rare occasions when Clarke followed instead of led, he outspun such fast finishers as Keino and West Germany's Harald Norpoth. Shunning

expediency, Ron Clarke was a front runner out of principle. He accepted each of his races as a complete test, an obligation to run himself blind.

Over a late dinner of salad, a lean steak and five glasses of chartreuse Vigorade, he makes his case.

"The single most horrible thing that can happen to a runner is to be beaten in the stretch when he's still fresh. No matter who I was racing or what the circumstances, I tried to force myself to the limit over the whole distance. It makes me sick to see a superior runner

of winning, well, you still have to do it. I was very conscious of that pressure. Perhaps one should resist it. I couldn't."

Although he calls it his "style" or "impatience," Clarke's flaw was a driving moral imperative to go flat out, to impose an order on each race, to make sure the winner was the fastest, toughest competitor. "I loved testing myself more than I feared being beaten," he says, "and front running is the ultimate test. You need a total, irrevocable commitment to see the race through to the end or it cannot justify your effort."

by the Athenian, Menander... "A man's nature and way of life are his fate, and that which he calls his fate is but his disposition."

Ron Clarke's fatal disposition took shape early. His older brother Jack was long an outstanding professional Australian Rules football player. "My only consolation," says Ron, "the only one I could have, since he beat me at everything, was the satisfaction of trying my hardest."

When he began running competitively Clarke was moved by the examples of



**WHEEZING IN MEXICO CITY**, he passed out after the 10,000-meter Olympic final, a victim of the altitude. Clarke had tried to sprint away from the field but was passed going into the last lap. In spare, Australian team physician Brian Corrigan administered oxygen and cursed the IOC.



wait behind the field until 200 meters to go and then sprint away. That is immoral. It's both an insult to the other runners and a denigration of his ability."

So Clarke took the lead in Tokyo and Kingston and even in Mexico with the understanding that doing so was likely his ruin. "If you're the world record holder, as I was, and nobody else will set the pace and make a real race of it, and it's your style to have a demanding pace, then you have to do it yourself. If that is going to diminish your chances

Clarke takes a text from his bookcase. "Any athlete who thinks he suffers ought to read this." The book is Heinrich Harrer's *The White Spider*, an account of the climbing of the North Wall of the Eiger in Switzerland, of the men who died attempting it and of those who finally succeeded. In it, one finds a passage Clarke has underlined: "There is nothing new to be said about the behavior of man in exceptional circumstances of danger or crisis. . . . I would not find better words than those used

two men, Emil Zatopek and John Landy, both inexhaustible trainers, front runners and gentlemen. Zatopek, the only man ever to win the 5,000, 10,000 and marathon in one Olympics, was the more distant idol. The Czech ran as if tormented by internal demons. He seemed a sign, a proof that if athletes chose to force themselves through the pain and doubt, there could be no limit to human performance.

Landy, the second four-minute miler, helped plan Clarke's early training. His

*continued*

races, as did Clarke's later, often demonstrated a kind of noble perversity. Though he recognized that his best chance to win the 1954 Mile of the Century against Roger Bamister lay in upsetting the Briton's wait-and-kick strategy by sitting back himself, Landy led from the gun. The race had been the object of so much attention he felt obliged to ensure a fast time. "Otherwise the sport might have suffered," Bamister outkicked him.

In the 1956 Australian National Championship mile, Clarke, then 19, fell during the third lap. Landy bounded over him and, thinking he had spiked him in the head, stopped, came back and helped him up. Once assured of Clarke's safety, Landy went after the field, now 60 yards ahead. He drove into the lead with 10 yards to go and won in 4:04.2.

In that same year Clarke set a world junior mile record of 4:06.8. Thereafter, because of a chronic sinus infection and the demands of business and family, he fell away from running. In 1961 through the urging of a neighbor, former Olympian Les Perry, he began again. This five-year hiatus, which has no parallel in the career of any other world-class runner, seems a key to Clarke's determination to run on his own terms. "It was a hobby when I came back to it, and although I was totally involved in each of my races, my whole life did not hang on the results. I could afford to take a few chances." Clarke had then and has today strong views on the relative importance of amateur sport and earning a living. "I just read something of Jim Ryun's financial sacrifices for his running. Jim was wrong. If you have that conflict there is only one way to resolve it. You shouldn't run."

Clarke's confirmation in his ethic came when he began to break records. "I've never felt as depressed or disappointed than in the days following my first world record. I was down, completely adrift. I realized that the excitement had been in the challenge of the training and in the race itself. The competition was what drew me on, the actual testing, not the hope of good results, because the best of all possible results, a world record, made me miserable."

He understands the strangeness of this remark and turns up to Helen, across whose lap he is sprawled, for corroboration. "Do you remember how bad it was?"

"Yes," she says softly. "And everyone else so happy."

For years Clarke scoured the world for tough races. "I had a need, almost like a gambler's compulsion, to test myself against the best." It didn't matter that he had raced hard the day before or that the local champion was lying in wait or that the distance was not his best. In 1965, to have a 10,000 put on the program, Clarke had to promise an Oslo meet promoter not only that he would break the world record in the event but would come back the next day in a featured 3,000 against fresh Olympic champion Mills. He set his world record, one that stood for seven years, and won the short race as well. But neither was in the Olympics.

Clarke changed his basic tactic in the last years of his career. He devised one that added to his suffering: a full-bore sprint away from the field with a mile or more to run. "It increased the challenge. But in a way it was refreshing. I knew I could make it through. So instead of dreading those footsteps behind I wanted them to stay there because whoever was making them was killing himself." If the footsteps were not there and Clarke had broken contact in this way, he was never beaten. He tried to sprint away in Mexico during the 10,000-meter race with a kilometer to go, but he could not escape the altitude natives who swarmed past on the last lap. Clarke finished sixth. Three steps past the line, for the only time in his career, he lost consciousness. When he awoke a few minutes later, an oxygen mask was pressed over his face. The Australian physician attending him was cursing the IOC for having permitted the Games at that altitude. "Oh, God," he railed. "Look what the bastards have done."

"I wanted to tell him it was all right," recalls Clarke, "but I couldn't. My tongue was so swollen it filled my mouth. I couldn't speak for two hours."

The Melbourne newspapers shouted CLARKE FAILS AGAIN.

Ron and Helen Clarke are dining at a friend's Melbourne beef house. The friend is not much in evidence but a hostess keeps fluttering by, demanding to be told how she can serve.

"Well, I want a very simple salad," says Clarke. "Just lettuce and tomatoes, no dressing, no croutons, no frills."

Derek Clayton has been invited. "He

claimed he had another engagement," says Clarke. "Then I told him I was paying. But it was too late."

The salad is placed before him, with parsley and sculptured radishes. Clarke sighs and picks out the offending vegetables. Only very gently does he try to make the nature of his running understood to the others with him, perhaps reasoning that a world that cannot hold the parsley is not ripe for a philosophy of a sport that is now more complicated than winner take all.

"It's been upsetting that people have seen my attitude not as recklessness but weakness," he says. "The Australian behavior toward losers is far from healthy. If youngsters are taught that losing is a disgrace, and they're not sure they can win, they will be reluctant to even try. And not trying is the real disgrace."

The chorus, whenever Ron Clarke is consigned to insignificance, is "Who ever remembers second place?" But this is the gulf between spectators, who seem to believe that runners are drawn to compete only in order to make themselves immortal, and amateur athletes, who are private men doing what they do for myriad private reasons. Among distance runners, who understand something of what Clarke attempted, will be found his most thoughtful judges.

In 1966 Clarke spent a week in Prague with Zatopek, who at the time was not yet cast into official disgrace for having supported the liberal Dubček government. Clarke retains the whole of that visit in softly gilded memory. He speaks of his boyhood hero's grace, his standing in the eyes of his countrymen, his unabated fitness and energy. As Clarke departed, Zatopek accompanied him through customs and, in violation of regulations, onto the plane itself.

"He stood by me and then slipped a little box into my pocket. He seemed embarrassed and clearly didn't want anyone to see what he'd done. For a moment I wondered what I was smuggling out for him. Later, when the plane was in the air, I unwrapped it."

The memento that dropped into his palm, inscribed "To Ron Clarke, July 19, 1966," was Zatopek's Olympic gold medal from the 10,000 meters in Helsinki.

"Not out of friendship," Zatopek had whispered to Clarke as he turned to go, "but because you deserve it."

END



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**Kathy King**, an exceptionally pretty song leader at California Lutheran College, broke the sex barrier in collegiate wrestling—for a matter of seconds at least. When the Kingsmen lost star Steve Magruder to a knee injury, the 125-pound Kingswoman volunteered to take his place in the 150-pound class against Southern California College's Taylor Peryear. "I was really ready," Miss King says. "I even cut my fingernails." So, said a Cal Lutheran spokesman, was Peryear. "You could see he was ready for physical contact," Kathy, understandably, decided she wasn't. Before Peryear could quite catch up with her, she defaulted. And that was the margin of victory as SCC won 25-22. Kathy admitted afterward she was playing for a forfeit, hoping Peryear would be too gallant or angry to wrestle her.

Accused of attempted robbery and assault with intent to kill, **Burton Woods Jr.** of St. Louis made a plausible defense. He could not have been at the scene of the crime, he maintained, because he was home watching the Cardinals and his favorite pitcher, **Bob Gibson**, on television. But the prosecutor put a Cardinal

official on the stand to testify that the game that night was a home game, and home games are not televised. Moreover, **Rick Wise**, not Bob Gibson, was pitching. The defendant got 40 years in the penitentiary.

**Joe DiMaggio** has been named "Great Warrior of the Golden Sun" by the Creek tribe of Oklahoma. The Creeks also made DiMaggio a chief, which raised the feathers of another ex-Yankee, **Allie Reynolds**. A genuine Indian, Reynolds said: "I've never been a chief. I ran once and was defeated."

★ **Tina Sheldon**, 6'4½", is the current Miss Tall Universe. Miss Sheldon, who says she "wanted to die" when she was 6'2" at age 12, credits sports and a high school coach with helping her grow... emotionally. She became a high-jump champion at college. "At 18 I began to lose my ugly duckling image," she says. "I started to wear contact lenses and my figure blossomed. I finally realized that height can give a person an aura of leadership and that while other girls had to do all sorts of things to attract a man's attention, I didn't have to do anything."

**Jocelyne Bourassa** of Quebec, who was named 1972 rookie of the year on the U.S. women's golf tour, Canadian female athlete of the year, Canada's top golf personality and a lot of other things, has a slightly unusual sponsor—Montreal horseman **J. Louis Levesque**, owner of undefeated two-year-old La Prevoyante, who is fond of saying he has two outstanding fillies. Receiving one award at the annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, Miss Bourassa had a riposte: "You know I have had a knee operation," she said in a French Canadian accent that sounds like Genevieve in the rough. "Monsieur Levesque was telling me what they do to fillies with bad legs. 'We shoot them or we breed them,' he said. I don't think I'm ready for either. So I'll go back on the tour."

◆ Five years ago **Bobby Orr** and **Derek Sanderson** of the Boston Bruins made a pact. The first one to be married would receive \$1,000 from the other as a sort of farewell present and consolation prize. Well, Orr plans to marry blonde Peggy Wood, a 25-year-old schoolteacher from Fort Lauderdale, sometime in June. And Sanderson, after setting for \$1 million with the Philadelphia Blazers, could scarcely plead poverty. So he grudgingly came up with the grand—\$900 in 51 bills plus 1,000 pennies—and had it all dumped in front of Orr's locker. The devalued currency made a terrible mess but soon was scooped into a litter bag—with the help, appropriately, of teammate **Wayne Cashman**.

Mounted police will be equipped with battery-operated taillights. Philadelphia Police Commissioner **Joseph O'Neill** has decided, and the horses will wear white luminous stockings on their legs and white sheets on



their rumps. "The animals are dark and so are policemen's uniforms," O'Neill said. "We want to make sure they will be seen by motorists." Meanwhile, the Pennsylvania Game Commission noted that 6,435 deer had been killed by cars, 12 in Philadelphia. Maybe O'Neill can put taillights on the deer.

Miami Dolphin Quarterback **Bob Griese**, a hot commercial property right now, has just finished a video tape series ballyhooing health spas. Before that he had extolled Vitalis (no Griese kid stuff), Mitchum's deodorant, Sears, Roebuck and Fletcher's Castana. Asked which was the toughest to handle, Griese said quickly, "Sears, by far, those clothing commercials when I'm running around and passing in civilian clothes. Did you ever try to run in the Orange Bowl in a winter suit in May? Tough! And they had to paste sandpaper on the bottom of my shoes so I wouldn't slip."



## Low in Cayuga's waters

**Cornell's outlook for the season was hopeful until communications between coach and players collapsed. Then the team began to sink**

Coming home to Philadelphia with the Cornell basketball team a couple of weeks ago, Doug Murken looked forward to facing Penn at the Palestra. Though a sub, he felt he might play a fair amount in front of his family and friends. Realistically, Penn figured to have the game out of reach early.

Murken wasn't bothered that he didn't play in the first half—he never does. But as the minutes crept by and the margin of Penn's certain victory became irrelevant to everyone but point-spread bettors, he began to fume on the bench.

At last Coach Tony Coma asked Murken to replace someone. By now thoroughly exasperated and embarrassed, Murken refused.

Afterward Philadelphia columnist Frank Dobson stopped by the Cornell locker room to speak with Murken, and found Murken and his teammates practically lined up to talk. "Tonight in the locker room at halftime he called us a bunch of spoiled brats," Murken said. "Nobody on the team agreed with his game plan," said Guard John O'Neill. "He wanted the final score to be 12-10." "To play a stall," Murken added, "you have to practice it. We didn't. Not one second."

After Dobson's story was printed, Coma called a team meeting. There followed, in the words of one player, a "long rap." To no one's surprise, Murken was kicked off the team. With injuries and other problems, that left Cornell facing its next game with a roster that numbered exactly eight.

As player-coach face-offs go, the Murken-Coma tiff was no great burn burner. It was, however, one more incident in what must be the most dismal coach-player situation existing in major college basketball today. The pitiful part is that at the beginning of the season everybody at Cornell had such high hopes. The way up for Big Red basketball could not have been clearer: the team hadn't had a winning season since 1968, last year it went five and 19, losing the last 10 in a row with a squad shattered by racial tensions. Five out of six black players had quit because, among other things, they believed the coach was using a quota system for starting the blacks.

So Jerry Luce was kicked upstairs to an administrative job and Coma was brought in from Cheyney (Pa.) State, a college with a heavy black enrollment and, under Coma, a sensational basketball record. That was last summer. Onward and upward, Cornell!

But now, with the mortified Murken

out and three-quarters of the season gone, Cornell is in worse shape than ever, if possible, and seems to have swapped one set of problems for another. It has won just three of 22 games. And the squad—well, this is not the first time this year that the squad has verged on the nonexistent.

After five games Brian Wright, one of the boycott leaders but this season the team's leading scorer and rebounder, quit following an acrid encounter with Coma. Cornell was a hopeful 2-3 at the time. Two games later O'Neill suffered a broken wrist, costing him three weeks of play. At the beginning of the second semester Stan Mason and Gerry Newby—by then the leading scorers—were gone, said to be academic casualties, though they were also known to be unhappy with Coma. More recently Captain John Coles fell over an opponent and injured his ankle. The only player on the squad to start every contest, Center Lynn Loncki, has knees that balloon after each game. At one point this season Coma was down to six men and had to recruit a lacrosse player who had not played basketball since high school.

For all this, Cornell has not been that bad. Coma's men have beaten Penn State, Arkansas and Florida Southern, three teams with winning records, and six of their losses have been by six points or less. The failure to win more often has to do with factors other than grades or height or talent or even injuries.

Coma, 41, was hired by Cornell in part because he had coached blacks successfully. But in the fall he learned that he would have to do without two key Cornell blacks, Skeeder Stewart and Jeff Howard, who had left the team while Luce was still coach. In addition, two of Luce's black prospects decided to go elsewhere, partially on the advice of the boycotters. Gene Shy and Keith Starr this year are playing regularly at Florida and Pitt, respectively.

When practice started, Coma also discovered that it is one thing to impose coaching discipline on borderline academic cases who come from needy families and don't wish to jeopardize possible pro careers and quite another to handle Ivy Leaguers who regard sport as essentially no more than an extra-curricular activity. "I always thought I had a way with basketball players, black and white," says Coma. "I thought I would never have a discipline problem."

*continued*



JOHN O'NEILL BEFORE HE WAS BENCHED

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But the road to *litter: fure* has been taken for so long here that the biggest problem is to establish discipline."

Coma's players—the "freethinkers," he calls them—have a different notion of "the biggest problem." They call it communication—or the almost total lack of it. Coma sees himself as hard-nosed (interestingly, he is a serious amateur violinist) and old-fashioned. But the team regards him as a martinet, defensive of his authority and hostile to suggestions from his players about how the game should be played. Coma, in turn, senses the lack of a certain spirit in his men. "At Cheyney they feel they're going to win every game," he says. "At Cornell when the moment of truth comes—even now that we're playing to our fullest potential with what we've got—at the last minute we can't make a one-and-one or a layup."

The players say they are so sick of losing they would do almost anything to win. Guard Jimmy Willmot, who refused to cut his hair for Lacey, did so willingly for Coma. And even when Coma benched Willmot for helping up an opponent during a scrimmage, the team shrugged and went along with it.

But the ouster/resignation of high-strung Brian Wright was less excusable in their eyes. After losing his cool in the Rochester game back in December, Wright reacted bitterly to being dressed down by Coma in front of the team. "The coach could have handled it in a different way," says Coles. "He got Brian in front of the team, and then it was a matter of brinkmanship. Brian couldn't back down because everyone else was there."

The team still had hopes for a good season when it started the Ivy schedule at Brown after a 3-6 mark in tough non-conference play. But at halftime, with Brown leading by six, Coma told the players, by their account, that he owed them nothing and would recruit junior-college transfers to replace them next season. Brown went on to win 102-79.

"Who was this guy, threatening us as if we had nothing to live for but basketball?" asks one player, Adds Murken, "On one hand he blasts us and tells the papers he has no use for us. On the other he tells us to believe in ourselves. I think he's more concerned with his image than us."

So Coma and the "freethinkers" are no longer getting through to each other

at all. There have been hassles over practice time and meal money as well as over more substantial issues. In Philadelphia a wild rumor circulated that the team would refuse to take the court in the second half. That didn't happen. But last week, against Penn at home, Coma took John O'Neill out of the game. They had words. O'Neill threw a towel at Coma and stalked off the court and out of the gym. That left Coma to finish the game, which Cornell eventually lost 78-48, with a bench reduced to only two. Before it had ended, Cornell's season probably was over too, and perhaps next year's as well.

## THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

**WEST** After losing to UCLA twice last week, 76-67 in Seattle and 93-62 at Pauley Pavilion, Washington Coach Mary Harshman figured out how to beat the Bruins: "Take North Carolina's enthusiasm and mix it with the talent at Houston and Minnesota, and you might have a chance."

USC's two encounters with Washington State turned out to be embarrassing for first-year Cougar Coach George Raveling. "John Wooden at UCLA, Bob Boyd at USC and Mary Harshman at Washington better watch out," he said early in the week. "Because we're on our way back." Not yet, George. The Trojans rolled 80-63 and 79-55. "Well, actually," said Raveling later, "what I really said was..."

Brigham Young was jolted when the NCAA tournament selection committee ruled the Cougars ineligible for postseason play even if they go on and win the Western Athletic Conference championship. The Cougars previously knew only that their star center from Yugoslavia, Kresimir Corc, would not be able to play. Thus beset, the league-leading Cougars had to struggle to get past dormant Texas at El Paso 48-43. Later in the week they took on their chief challenger for league honors, New Mexico, and lost 76-66. The Lobos were also coming off an unexpectedly close win, surviving 73-70 against freshman-heavy Utah.

Seattle Center Greg Williams dropped in two free throws with 19 seconds remaining against a backdrop of 2,400 screaming voices in Santa Clara's home area to produce a 79-77 victory for the Chieftains. "I didn't have a thing," he said later. "There was nothing there but me, the ball and the rim."

The Santa Clara loss may have clinched the West Coast Athletic Conference crown for San Francisco, which wrecked St. Mary's 93-72. Long Beach State avenged its only loss of the season, crushing San Jose State 117-75.

1. UCLA (25-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (21-1)

**EAST** St. John's left Syracuse's Manley Field House gasping, whooping and thoroughly beaten after a record crowd of 8,944 had stared both the Orange and the dust from the clay floor over which the court is laid. The 80-70 outcome ended the visitors' 14-game winning streak and extended the Syracuse home record to 30 straight. The Orange moved to 18-4 on Saturday by defeating Canisius 76-72.

Providence also won twice, making short order of Cleveland State in a 113-79 massacre and bombing Holy Cross 94-75. The Friars' lead shrunk to one point in the second half as the Crusaders battled back from a 19-point deficit, largely because the opposition's Ernie DeGregorio and Marvin Barnes were both resting on the bench. Reinserted eventually, Barnes had 21 points and 21 rebounds and Ernie D. 28 points.

Niagara did the defensive job of the year on South Carolina's Kevin Joyce, holding him to two field goals, but his 11 free throws helped the Gamecocks get out with an 84-74 victory. Seven-foot Danny Traylor was superb, scoring 23 points, pulling down 13 rebounds and blocking six shots. "Just like a goalie," said Niagara Coach Frank Layder.

Fordham ended Notre Dame's five-game winning streak and stopped its own six-game slide with a 70-69 upset. Darryl Brown's short jumper with 12 seconds left produced "the greatest victory of my career" for Ram Coach Hal Wessel. Irish Coach Digger Phelps claimed to be untrovbled by the second loss to his former team. "Just another game," he said.

1. PROVIDENCE (18-2) 2. ST. JOHN'S (18-3)

**MIDWEST** Kansas Coach Ted Owens' enthusiasm for the Big Eight's 30-second clock no doubt suffered in the closing moments of the Jayhawks' game with Kansas State. Kansas could neither sit on the 62-49 lead it had mounted with 5:30 to go nor add to it. Finally, with 22 seconds left, State's Lon Kruger sank two free throws that put the Wildcats ahead for the first time and sealed a 67-66 victory, an important hurdle on the route to the Big Eight title.

Colorado remained in the running, however, with a 77-68 overtime victory over Missouri, which had earlier defeated Oklahoma 64-62.

Minnesota enhanced its Big Ten chances

*continued*

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with an 82-75 win over Indiana. The Hoosiers had earlier dealt Illinois an 87-66 thrashing that seemed to take care of any Illinois aspirations. Purdue's only game of the week was an 88-84 victory over Michigan State.

Marquette whipped Northern Illinois 93-80 despite 35 points by Jim Bradley. Albie McGuire and Marcus Washington combined to beat the Huskies' zone with an outside barrage that broke the game open in the first half.

John Williamson returned from his NCAA-imposed exile, but his 25 points weren't enough as New Mexico State lost to St. Louis 69-54.

Connecticut won its fifth game in the last six starts 79-78 over Ohio University. Seventh-ranked Houston won as expected 87-70 over Corpus Christi, but then was upset by Creighton 78-77.

Richard Fuqua won the shootout and Oral Roberts the war when Illinois State and Deag Collins came calling on the Titans. The hosts took the game 111-96, and Fuqua had his best individual effort of the year in outscoring Collins 49-41, although he took 49 shots to Collins' 26.

1. MINNESOTA (19-2) 2. MARQUETTE (20-2)

**SOUTH** Davidson continued its regular season mastery of the Southern Conference by clinching its sixth straight championship and ninth of the last 10 years. The league's NCAA representative will emerge from an interconference tournament, however, so Furman isn't dead yet despite its 89-84 loss to Davidson last week. Nor for that matter is lowly Appalachian State, which the Wildcats bombed 108-41.

Atlantic Coast Conference leader North Carolina State remained unbeaten with wins over East Carolina (105-70) and Wake Forest (81-59). North Carolina took over second place with a 95-85 victory against Maryland. Said the Terrapins' Lefty Driesell, uncharacteristically: "There is too much emphasis on winning in this conference." North Carolina next faced Florida State in a rematch of last year's NCAA Eastern final and won at Madison Square Garden 91-79.

The Seminoles previously had upset Jacksonville 83-74 with two starters on the bench for the last seven minutes, hitting 64% of their shots from the floor. Jacksonville recovered against Illinois State 95-86. Southwestern Louisiana blasted Texas at Arlington on the road 111-96 and came home to whip Louisiana Tech 94-93.

Tennessee maintained its Southeastern Conference lead with a narrow 51-49 victory over Mississippi and an 85-71 defeat of Georgia. The Bulldogs also fell 78-67 to Alabama, which then turned around and clipped Auburn 87-75.

1. N.C. STATE (21-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (20-0)

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## Ali in a world of his own

A routine victory over Joe Bugner failed to move the ex-champ any closer to challenging for the title



RELYING ON HIS LEGWORK, BUGNER FLAILS AWAY AT A WARY AND RETREATING ALI

Looking up at him, his left eyebrow torn, the left side of his immense face fading into a red-meat abstraction, it was hard not to think of a remark once made by Brian London. "Boxers are prawns," said the meditative Brian, not the most impassioned of fighters and often not unlike a prawn himself in his many positions of repose. Of course, the old heavyweight meant "prawns," a word used by amateur sociologists to describe all fighters and one that seemed to fit England's Joe Bugner like the mouthpiece on a trumpet.

Last week in Las Vegas, between the dumbing sound of coin and con, the evidence bore down hard on Bugner as he prepared to accompany Muhammad Ali on the latest tour through Ali's "world of my own." Not even the endless and genuine *esprit* of the English could support the gentle Magyar, the facts just would not budge: he was a big, plastic toy deftly marketed in England. Regardless, some 1,500 Englishmen, ranging from Henry Cooper and a detective named Nipper Reid to bands of old, retired bookmakers, made the trip for 200 quid apiece. Ole "Enry thought aloud it would be an inspired light, but after the pencils and notebooks vanished he thought it would be a fine "juggle." The bookies usually just sat around looking

fixedly at the keno boards, drinking their beer and musing over the pure beauty of this graft in the desert.

A crowd of 5,700 turned up at the Convention Center as, according to dramatic whispers by promoters, a great tide of humanity was moving toward closed-circuit outlets in London. It was quite true, too, for the English love a fight, even if it involves one of their own heavyweights. This night, confronted by Bugner vs. Ali, they knew it was not a question of whether the lip would prevail over the stiff upper lip, but rather in what round Joe would find proper bedding for his bulk. Yet they came.

Amused as they were at their own capsule comments on the matchup, they could not conceal what simmered beneath: the hope that Bugner would comport himself honorably, that there would be the tenacity of attitude that he has so often lacked, that he would allow them to leave for home with at least a strand of dignity. At fight time the simmer had become a bonfire. It was no longer a bout, the smell of gun and powder permeated, and chests full of medals from the African campaigns would not have brought a second glance.

The emotion was not wasted. Bugner, a Hungarian who emigrated to England in flight from Communism at the age

of six, fulfilled the imperative of the moment: For all his unarguably barren work against Ali he did accomplish this: he came in as a long-priced pawn to Ali's ring carnival, got cut badly in the first round and went on for the distance to make it an action fight, limited as it was. He also helped bring into sharp focus—for the first time since Ali met Joe Frazier—the fear that Ali's once illimitable talent is rapidly on the wane and that soon he will have only his vast generalship on which to rely.

He may have enough left to handle George Foreman but he cannot afford to be delayed too long, which surely is what the Foreman camp is thinking. "He's not going to get near me now," Ali said later. "But that's all right. I don't need him. I'm in a world of my own. The people know who the champion is. Why should I fret? I'll just go on makin' my money like a couple of million in the next couple of years. Just go on keepin' boxin' alive while George fights once a year. But he'll never be no real champion. The people know that. And one day they gonna say, 'Ghawe, where were you when Muhammad Ali was around? Why, Ghawe, you weren't no kind of champion'."

Ali's confidence in the people to discern always has seemed unshakable, but

continued

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he is not one to wince at a bit of overkill in the promotion of his theme. He wore a brilliant robe into the ring, a jeweled, flowing garment that would have brightened the dark side of the moon. It cost \$2,000 and had lettering on the back acclaiming Ali as "the people's champion." It was a gift from Elvis Presley, who knows about such things.

Once down to business, Ali quickly opened a cut over Bugner's left eye. Thereafter, try as he might, Ali had trouble working on the eye, nor could he put Bugner away. No frivolity marked Ali's work. He strove desperately to finish Bugner in the sixth, seventh, 11th and 12th rounds, but there was no snap, no deadliness to those flashing strikes. He stalked Bugner in a flat-footed way. At times his eyes seemed vacant, distant from the tedium in which he was caught.

At 22, and despite intimidating physical dimensions, Bugner was never an offensive factor in this fight. He is what has been called a "tramline" fighter, forever going backward and forward. He seldom exemptions, rarely puts several punches together and when he does they seem as undirected as an infant's striking at a hanging rattle. Occasionally, Bugner chose to jump off his tramline against Ali. His disagreements were pointless, frenetic arcs. Usually after them Bugner ended frozen and transfixed for long moments on the ropes, which is where Ali sent home his best shots.

Bugner caught Ali with a few right hands, each of which brought Muhammad back to reality. He was never in danger in the fight and, contrary to the official scoring, it was easy to give him all 12 rounds or, if one cared to be magnanimous, to call it 10-1-1. Muhammad, as is his wont these days, was again lavish in his praise of the defeated opponent, so much so that he seemed almost paternal toward Bugner. "He's got better legs than I thought," said Ali, no doubt with one eye on a return fight in London. "I won't be around in two years. Watch out for Bugner. He'll be the champion a couple of years from now."

Ali contended that he carried 10 more pounds into the fight (he weighed in at 217½) he would have been taking a "terrible risk." Maybe, but looking at his gaunt, drawn face, his long moments of lassitude, it seemed apparent that he left his fight behind in the gym. He trained a total of 67 rounds the week before the bout, and on the day before,

while Bugner rested, concluded with six rounds of gym work. That is a lot for an aging fighter, no matter the opinion of his trainer, Angelo Dundee, who called Ali's work ordinary. Others next to the champion were concerned at his growing obsession with coming in at a low weight.

Ali in the gym was not the only thing that bothered his camp. He could not find the hook to the passive Bugner, the psychological advantage that he looks for against each opponent. Often, there would be a group of his street intelligentsia sitting like staff generals and discussing the problem. "He looks like a honkie to me," one would say. "No," Ali would say. "I like the English." Then another would add: "Jump on how big and dumb he looks. That'll get 'em." Ali: "Man, you big and dumb." "What about race?" asked another wizard. Ali grimaced and then fell silent. The next day he belittled his way out of the gym, claiming that Bugner once called him a "nigger." It was a sad, false claim that Ali regretted later.

As for the stone Bugner, he never did give Ali the opening he craved. It was too big a fight for Bugner, who has been jeered more than any English heavyweight in recent history. To Ali it was a matter of \$275,000 and then moving on to his March bout with Ken Norton in San Diego. Bugner got \$125,000 but his future seemed to hang on how he looked against Ali. It was a good gamble, properly thought out, by nature Ali is not a cruel man and often he is sympathetic to inferiors.

So now Bugner returns to England a much more romantic figure thanks to Ali's verbal generosity after the fight, the seven-stitch cut on Bugner's eye and the good legs that kept his massive body upright across 12 rounds. That is no small accomplishment by English reasoning. For years now the English have scowled at their "horizontal heavyweights" who (except for Henry Cooper) were seldom much better than Phantasia Phil Scott of the '20s. But Joe Bugner served them honorably. At least no one would have reason to duplicate the lines of Arnold Bennett who, while grouching over Joe Beckett's one-round loss to Georges Carpentier, wrote: "Now Beckett was a sack of potatoes, and Carpentier in might and glory was publicly kissing the chosen girl within a yard of the Prince of Wales."

END

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## You can't keep a wild man down

Let's take a moment to place Norm Van Lier in perspective. He has given the skin off his back—and his knees and his elbows—for his team. He has thrown a basketball at an unwary referee and missed, and thrown a punch at a wary referee and connected. He has led the NBA in selflessness, passing the ball instead of shooting it. He has fought with seven-footers and lost, and battled six-footers and held his own. He had the temerity to date a coach's daughter and has the charm to serve as week-

end host for another coach's young son. He has led a mass assault on a police station. One question: Is this a basketball player for the Chicago Bulls or a Doberman pinscher in sneakers?

In Norm Van Lier there seems to be a morsel of something for all of us. Something to swallow, something to spit out. Something to love, something to hate. A bit to respect, a bit to ridicule. A facet to admire, another to loathe. Is he youth's noble example or law and order's recalcitrant enemy? Who is Norm Van Lier and why is he doing these things?

When Van Lier came into the pros in 1969, he was a third-round draft choice of the Bulls, a 6' 1", 175-pound guard from St. Francis of Loretto, Pa. He did not have a no-cut contract and just before the start of the season the Bulls traded him to the Cincinnati Royals.

Other players and opposing coaches scoffed at the rookie's frenzied style of play. They did not understand the way he stood in front of—and was bowled over by—hard-running big men to draw charging fouls. Bumps on Van Lier's elbows swelled to the size of oranges, bumps on his knees to that of lemons. They had become full of water from being dribbled on the floor.

Van Lier was regarded with amuse-

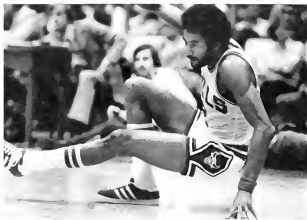
ment by some, with contempt by others. They said he could not shoot. He would improve. They said he was too small. He would become one of the best rebounding guards in the league. They claimed he would burn out, that he was frail. He would miss only two games because of injury or illness in his first four seasons. "I think the superstars should worry about me instead of me worrying about them," said Van Lier. "I'm here to make it and I want them to prove to me that they're better."

One day last month Van Lier sat in his apartment high over Lake Michigan; he was traded back to Chicago last season. He needed only to look around him for assurance he has it made. The walls of a hallway were lined with photographs of him during games. In most, strain showed on his face—guarding his man, shooting, passing, yelling at a referee. Two years ago Van Lier led the league in assists. Last year he was sixth, although the players ahead of him logged between 550 and 1,300 more minutes of playing time. This year he again is among the league leaders, averaging 7.2 assists per game. He is also the Bulls' third highest scorer, with a 13.5 average, and he has pulled down 300 rebounds. He is a starter on one of the best teams in the NBA and has a four-year contract that brings him close to \$100,000 a season. He was self-confident enough to marry a white girl from his hometown of Midland, Pa. His wife Nancy this day was gathering Norm's clothes for a road trip to Boston, listening as Norm talked of a little man's view of a big man's game.

"You really grow used to playing with pain," said Van Lier, looking at his right elbow, in which the fluid had slowly solidified, forming a calcium deposit. "It doesn't hurt anymore, although the doctors say it will someday. It's not bad. The only guy who tries to hurt me is Walt Bellamy. If I'm pestering those big guys, they're going to be upset. But nobody does it like Bellamy. I watch for it every game. He's trying to hurt me for real."

Bellamy's annoyance stems from a night when he was driving to the basket and Van Lier refused to badge from in front of him. There was another game when the Atlanta center, who is 6' 11", knocked him down three times. Each time he came back for more. The fourth time he stayed down, a big gash on his head. After a few minutes on the bench

*continued*



ALREADY ABLAZE WITH BUMPS ON ELBOWS AND KNEES, NORM VAN LIER TUMBLES AGAIN



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he was back, blood trickling down his neck. "You got to make a stand," said Van Lier. "If you're small, they'll take it out on you all the time. I'm not going to take that. I'll get back some way, if I have to go get a folding chair."

Earlier this season John Block, who is 6' 10" and 220, was taking the ball out of bounds when he elbowed Van Lier. "I don't mind getting hit because the way I play I know I'm going to get that," said Van Lier, who went after Block with his fists flailing. "But I'm not going to stand there and take a dirty shot from a person because I'm not a dirty ballplayer." While Van Lier and Block were fighting, Referee Jake O'Donnell intervened and Van Lier swung at him, too. "He tried to hit me," says O'Donnell. And Van Lier did.

Van Lier has often fought with the referees, using mostly words although a couple of seasons back he fired a basketball at Referee John Parker's head after, Van Lier claims, Parker whispered an insult. "He thinks he's being cheated on the floor or something," says O'Donnell. "He thinks because of his size he's being picked on. Off the court he's a completely different guy." Says Van Lier: "I don't get a fair shake out there. They protect the superstars. I have to handle every superstar that comes in and he's going to the foul line all the time and I'm leading the league in fouls and getting thrown out of every game. I'm handling the ball 90% of the time for my team and I can't get to the foul line. They protect some people. It depends on what team you're on. Like when Gail Goodrich was at Phoenix you could get all over him, but now he's at L.A. and you can't touch him. I play as hard as any superstar in this league. I have to."

Last summer Van Lier really blew his cork. Sketchy newspaper accounts indicated he had led a gang of young men in a furious assault on a police station in his hometown of Midland and that along with six others he had been subdued and arrested. As Van Lier tells it, he went to the station to talk to an officer, a fellow black with whom he had been less than friendly in the past. "I had heard he was accusing one of my brothers of stuff and I went down to talk to him," recalls Van Lier. "The next thing I know, some cop is hitting me, beating me on the head with a flashlight and spraying me with Mace. And

in order to keep my life, I ran." The police version is that Van Lier entered the station and began berating a patrolman for allegedly spreading rumors that Van Lier was a drug pusher. Shoves were exchanged; Van Lier was arrested but he broke away and ran out the door. Whatever, a short time later he returned with a group of friends and relatives and charged into the station. A policeman activated an alarm system that brought police and firemen swarming to the scene. After several continuances, Van Lier and the other six arrested were held for the Grand Jury, but it is expected the charges will be dropped.

"Midland is a typical, backward, prejudiced town," snorts Van Lier. "There are like 13 streets. The black people can't move past Fifth Street. I know because I tried to get a house for my mother and the price went up. That's all right. I don't want any of their raggedy houses anyway. That town hasn't been together since we won the state high school championship in 1965."

Van Lier's father, Norm Sr., has worked for 31 years in a steel mill. Norm's mother, Mrs. Helen Van Lier, has raised four other children, three boys and a girl. Three more boys died after birth, one of them named Elgin Baylor Van Lier I by Norm.

The Van Liers are a close-knit family. Norm frets about his younger brother, Greg, who dropped out of college despite a promising basketball career. Van Lier calls it his biggest blow after the death of his best friend, Sandy Martin, who was struck by a car while they were walking down the street in 1966. Van Lier put his hand through a window when he heard that Martin had died at the hospital. The next day he played in a college game with 33 stitches in his right hand, blood dripping on the court.

"The best thing that ever happened to me was getting traded to Cincinnati," Van Lier says. "I don't think I would have gotten the chance to make the league otherwise. That's why I love Bob Cousy. He let me play. And he let me play the way I play best."

When he was with the Celtics, Cousy came to regard basketball as a game where teamwork and sacrifice would be rewarded. When he returned to it as a coach he discovered that in too many cases the players were going one-on-one. In Van Lier, Cousy found a player of

his own ilk. He liked him so much that his wife arranged a meeting between Norm and the Cousys' oldest daughter, Marc. The pair dated for over a year and Norm and the Cousys are still close. "He is one of the finest people I've ever met," says Cousy.

That is a reaction that comes from many people. Off the court Van Lier has a relaxed, easy style, a ready wit. His approach to life is the antithesis of his approach to a game. Dick Motta, the coach of the Chicago Bulls, less his 14-year-old son Kip be an overnight guest at the Van Liers' apartment. "He's just great," says Motta. "Little kids flock to him like he's the Pied Piper."

Defense is Van Lier's forte. Instead of allowing his opponent to dictate his position, Norm forces him to move where he doesn't want to go, always turning him, turning him. Frequently, out of frustration, the opposing player will make a reckless move to get free and Van Lier will have forced him to commit another charging foul. Jerry Sloan and Van Lier are the roughest backcourt combination in the NBA. Once, during an exhibition game between Cincinnati and Chicago, when the two were opponents, they began fighting underneath a basket in a high school gym and continued brawling right out a set of doors and into a hallway. The doors closed behind them and the crowd and players could hear but not see fists pounding for a few seconds until everyone rushed out into the hallway.

"We respect each other," says Van Lier. "He puts out effort every time he goes out. If you're on the other team, Jerry makes you want to fight him. I want the ball all the time. All the loose balls. Every one of them. I feel I should get them all."

Around the league, people say that Sloan has been known to bite people while scrambling for a loose ball. Sloan denies this, saying that on occasion an arm has been accidentally discovered in his mouth. "You don't go out there and gain respect by being nice to each other," he says. "If guys really don't play hard, I don't respect them. From the first day of camp, Norm always came back at you."

And that is the pith of Norm Van Lier. Who is he? A man who comes back at you, whether you are a player, a referee or a policeman. **END**



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by **Virginia Kraft**

*Wild-animal parks—where the beasts roam free and people are contained in four-wheel cages—have turned into an elephantine business*

**T**here is a beastly boom sweeping the country. African animals now attract more attention on this side of the Atlantic than they ever did at home. A proliferation of parks where wild animals roam free, or nearly so, while humans ogle them from the comparative safety of people cages (Detroit style) has transported Africa into the backyards of America.

Jungle Habitat in West Milford, N.J., 40 miles northwest of New York City, had more than half a million visitors in the first three months the park was open last year. Quebec's Parc Safari Africain at Hemmingford, two miles north of the U.S.-Canada border, had 250,000 visitors in the first six weeks of operation. Lion Country Safari's newest project, outside Atlanta, has had 225,000 customers in its seven-month existence. In Winston, Ore., where World Wildlife Safari has not even officially opened, some 50,000 have already taken sneak peeks at the birds and beasts newly transplanted to the Pacific Northwest.

All this fascination with foreign animals—although most are African, others represent all parts of the world—has touched off a boom that is big, big business. At \$3.75 per person, Jungle Habitat grossed more than \$1½ million in admissions in its first three months. The restaurant, snack bars, sou-

*continued*

venor stands, camera and gift shops added substantial amounts.

There is still additional money to be made from the animals themselves. In a sense, wild animal production—with a self-perpetuating stock—is the modern merchant's dream. Some animals are more profitable than others but even here nature has proved a beneficent partner. The easiest animals to breed in captivity seem also to be the most popular.

Lions, for example, definitely hold top billing. They are also among the most prolific breeders of the larger mammals. In the first two years that Lion Country Safari at Laguna Hills, Calif., was in operation, its 40 lions produced more than 100 young. At the going price of \$350 per cub, that is a bonus with teeth.

Rarer animals, or those more difficult to breed in captivity, bring considerably higher prices. White rhino calves, for example, command as much as \$7,500 each, while a giraffe sells for \$10,000 or more. As long as the market for wild animals continues to grow, profits from the production and sale of animals to other parks represent a significant ancillary benefit.

Since the opening of the original Lion Country Safari near West Palm Beach in 1967, 12 parks have been started in



continued

the U.S. and Canada. Some 15 more are scheduled to open in the next two years, including a \$10 million complex near Orlando. Warner Communications Inc., the entertainment conglomerate, with the help of New York real-estate tycoons Herbert and Stuart Scheffel and the Hunt family from Detroit, pioneer animal handlers and dealers, has already invested some \$5 million in the 500-acre Jungle Habitat. They see this as merely the beginning of what they hope will become a nationwide chain of similar parks. Florida-based Hardwicke Companies is currently involved in a successful park in Quebec and has another one scheduled to open next year near Freehold, N.J.

Lion Country Safari started its West Palm Beach park with an initial investment of \$500,000, added another half-million over the next two years, and in the third year—with a million visitors—was showing profits sufficient to cover capitalization, operating expenses and

the establishment of a second park in California, stocked, incidentally, with homegrown animals. By last summer Lion Country had added two more parks, in Texas and Georgia, and had run its net worth up to \$35 million. The operation went public in 1971, is currently being traded over the counter under the symbol GRRR, and at its growthiest was selling at 55 times earnings.

The concept of wild animal parks is not new. Since President Paul Kruger pioneered the idea with the park named after him in South Africa at the end of the last century, dozens of others have been established throughout Africa. But the idea of wild animals roaming loose in parks far removed from their native habitats is very new. With the possible exception of a handful of exotic game ranches in the Southwest, none of which operate as public exhibitions but as private preserves, the idea of wild animal parks as we know them today dates back only to 1966.

The first, The Lions of Longleaf, opened that year in Wiltshire, England, prompted not by dreams of soaring profits but by dire necessity. Lord Bath, the lord of Longleaf, one of Britain's state-homes, was beset by debt. He had already opened Longleaf to the public in 1949 and charged admission—the first of many profit-pinched aristocrats to do so—but even with an average of 135,000 paying visitors a year Lord Bath was having difficulty making ends meet. Just keeping the house, which dates back to 1580, and gardens in shape took some \$85,000 a year, on top of which a swarm of deathwatch beetles ate its way through almost a quarter of a million dollars worth of Old English beams. The poor lord looked around for a miracle.

It manifested itself in the form of Jimmy Chipperfield, heir to a family tradition of more than 300 years in the animal business and owner of the famed Chipperfield Circus. But Circuses, as well as stately British homes, had come upon hard times and Chipperfield was casting about for some more practical way to exhibit his collection of lions.

"You can imagine," recalls Lord Bath, "how wonderful it was when I first met Jimmy Chipperfield. It was at 11 a.m. on Saturday, Nov. 7, 1964. At that memorable interview he put to me his idea for having a park such as one can see

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES GRAY



in Africa, but of course on a much smaller scale; and he had chosen Longleat for this highly imaginative idea."

Not in their wildest dreams did either man come close to predicting just how successful this "highly imaginative idea" would eventually prove. Nor did they anticipate the problems it would evoke. For almost two years before Longleat finally opened its grounds as an experimental wild animal park, the two men battled municipal authorities, zoologists and neighboring Wiltshiremen, all of whom found the idea more horrifying than imaginative. Lions at Longleat became a national incident. *The Times* expressed the empire's indignation: "... This is one of the most fantastically unsuitable uses of a stretch of England's green and pleasant land that can ever have entered the head of a noble proprietor. The wildest follies of the past pale before it; the old landlords, though they had some odd ideas, seldom lost their feel for their native soil. They seldom went in for stunts.

"Lions in an African game reserve are at home. A few in Whipsnade and at Regent's Park, under the auspices of the Zoological Society, are justified. But a lion in Wiltshire is as out of place as a Wodehousian Empress of Blandings pig would be in Kruger Park. Cattle, sheep and deer ought to be good enough for a Wiltshireman. The proper place for lions on an island that is spared them in the wild state, is in heraldry...."

The public disagreed. If not the proper place for lions, Longleat proved most popular. People descended upon the drive-through park like shoppers at a bargain counter. Traffic was snarled, roads were blocked and still the curious came, cash in hand, to see the big cats. To the dismay of some detractors, no one was eaten. No one was mauled. And apparently no one was disappointed.

Harry Shuster, a South African, heard of Chipperfield's success and set up a similar drive-through park in Johannesburg the following year with animals supplied by Chipperfield's brother. Jimmy Chipperfield and Shuster then joined up in 1967 to open the Florida Lion Country Safari. Chipperfield sold out two years later to Shuster and headed north. At Rockton, Ontario, in partnership with retired Canadian Army Colonel G.D. Dailey, he opened African Lion Safari

and Game Farm Ltd. in 1969. They then worked with Hardwicke to open the Quebec park last July that is managed by the Colonel's son Don.

In between the Canadian ventures, Chipperfield put together parks in Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, France, Australia and Japan and has eight more in the planning stages. From his base in England he travels all over the world, buying, selling, trading and transplanting animals at a pace that barely manages to keep up with the public's wild demands.

The unprecedented acceptance of animal parks is to some extent a reflection of growing concern about the world's wildlife, a concern kindled in recent years by heightened awareness of conservation and its importance in our society. Indeed, the conservation aspects of these parks are among the strongest arguments for their existence. In future years they may provide the breeding nuclei of any number of rare species that are currently threatened in their native habitats. Several parks, such as the one in Winston, Ore., already have programs under way that represent major steps forward in conserving nature's rarest creatures.

But conservation alone cannot claim credit for the record crowds that are com-

monplace at wild animal parks everywhere. Their primary appeal is the fact that the animals are free. There is something dramatically different and exciting about meeting an animal face to face on the tarmac. One may get close to the animal at a zoo, and even have more time and opportunity to study it, but it is still in a cage and there is a phony quality about the encounter.

Certainly the approximation of African veld in New Jersey or California has its artificial qualities, too, and the reality of fences, no matter how skillfully they are disguised, refutes the word *free*, but both seem immaterial when the huge form of an elephant in the road brings one's car to a halt. A grizzly bear cub frolicking in a mud puddle only a few yards from the family car is infinitely more impressive than the sight of the same beast performing in a pit. There is a sense of intimacy that comes from sharing the roadway with a herd of wildebeests.

"In a car you are on the animal's level," says Colonel Dailey. "There is something really exciting about having to put your foot on the brake to stop because there is an antelope or a lion in front of you."

When Jungle Habitat first opened it

continued



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experimented with drive-through air-conditioned buses. "These seemed a logical solution to traffic jams," says Warner Vice-President Jay Emmett. "Originally we charged \$1 to ride the bus and did no business. Then we made the buses free and still did no business. Even without air conditioning at the height of the summer heat people preferred their own cars to buses. What they want in a park of this kind is to get eyeball to eyeball with that baboon. They can do that in their own cars."

Sometimes the encounters are even more intimate than the spectators bargain for. Baboons especially are to be reckoned with. They climb on cars, leap from roof to roof, do devastating things to vinyl tops, display singular disdain for radio aereals and side-view mirrors and have the unlovely habit of washing down windshields with spit or worse.

They are also the special bane of animal keepers responsible for keeping them in their own backyards. Chain link fences surround the various compounds into which most parks are divided in order to separate the carnivores from the species that would otherwise wind



continued

up as their prey, but normal fences are no deterrent to baboons. Some parks have worked out elaborate steel-mesh double-fence systems that form tunnel-like barriers across baboon areas. Jungle Habitat uses an electric fence that has become something of a challenge to baboons. Having accidentally discovered that the current occasionally goes off, several wise old males are now in the habit of sending young ones off to test the wires each day. On more than one morning they have found them uncharged, whereupon platoons of baboons—young and old—scampered over the fence and into the surrounding countryside. Most, however, were back by mealtime.

A favorite baboon trick is to slip through the compound gates by hanging onto the back of a car or hiding under the bumper. This ploy is usually foiled

by one of the trained dogs stationed at the gates of most baboon compounds for exactly that purpose.

Besides such dogs, game guards also roam the compounds to make certain that animals stay in the parks and people stay in their cars. A mischievous baboon showing up at the local shopping center may have its humorous aspects, but a prowling lion does not. The possibility of any animal, particularly a dangerous one, escaping from a park is an ever-present concern in most neighboring communities.

To help their neighbors sleep more peacefully, several parks make a practice of rounding up their carnivores and confining them in cages at night (now some of the people are losing sleep worrying about the resulting discomfort to the tightly confined animals). Most, however, safely rely upon the impregnability of their fencing systems and around-the-clock vigilance. In case of trouble, game guards at Rockton's park, for example, are armed with three kinds of ammunition: blanks, which make a loud and frightening noise, race-loaded cartridges, which act as stingers, and, when these

continued



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fail, single-ball shotshells, which are lethal. The use of such deterrents is rarely necessary although all parks take similar precautions.

The real nightmare of park personnel is not the job of controlling the animals; their main concern is the people. Along with the sense of intimacy with the animals that these parks produce, they also produce a sense of false security. The grizzly bear rolling in the mud, the baboon perched on the fender, the lion stretched lazily in the sun are no less wild for their proximity. The car as a people cage is decidedly that—a means of keeping animals and people apart. But in spite of warning signs throughout all parks, a few people persist in tempting fate and the animals by driving with open windows, offering bits of food, and the bolder ones sometimes even getting out of their cars.

"Some of the things people do around wild animals are really amazing," says Hemmingford's Don Dailey. "You get some smart alecks who tease and throw things at the animals. Fortunately, they are few. The real problems are the people who won't believe the animals are wild. They're pushing peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches at the bears and all of a sudden they have a claw down their arm. Or they're holding the baby out the window for a better look at the big kitty. You can shout through the horn all day about closing windows and they look at you as if it were some kind of a joke."

Tragically, an open window was no joke for a visiting 2-year-old last August when a lion thrust a paw into the car in which she was riding at Lion Country Safari in Laguna Hills, inflicting wounds that required more than 100 stitches. Two months later a 26-year-old Israeli tourist named Abraham Levi was similarly mauled at Jungle Habitat. Witnesses to the latter attack said it was precipitated by Levi's hanging out the car window and beckoning to the lion. The driver of Levi's car said the lion moved so quickly that he did not see it until its head was in the window. "When you first enter Jungle Habitat, it is not dangerous," he said. "There are ducks and elephants and everybody leaves the windows open. We approached the area that is supposed to be dangerous, and we went through a gate, but we



didn't feel it was a dangerous place."

How to make people aware of the dangers that are ever-present whenever wild animals are involved is a problem park personnel will probably struggle with for some time to come. There are other problems, too. An important one is the fact that parks have sprung up in so many areas in such a short time that they have outpaced the numbers of trained personnel necessary to properly staff them. High animal-survival rates and healthy stocks are dependent almost entirely upon the expertise of park personnel. Where this has been less than adequate, animal mortality has been devastating. One park has already closed only months after it opened, largely "because they could not keep their animals alive," according to one wildlife biologist.

There are two sides to that coin, warn other wildlife experts. What happens if all the animals are kept alive and healthy and are reproducing at optimum rates? There may be reason to rejoice at 40 lions in a single park producing more than 100 young in two years, but will there be equal joy if there is equal productivity in say two dozen parks? With populations more than doubling every two years, the number of lions in those 24 parks would grow to almost 100,000 by 1980. Even with enough new parks to handle the surplus in this country, such a surfeit of lions would not only depress their commercial value but would produce staggering upkeep and safety problems.

Then there is the question of just how many wild animal parks the country really wants? Certainly there is room for more than now exist, but the answer to how many more is less certain. Within driving range of the New York metropolitan area, for example, a second park will provide competition for Jungle Habitat in the next year. There are some 20 million auto-adventurists living within this area, the parks' backers argue, which should be more than enough to support three, four, even five such parks. But will they? Or will several com-

peting parks in the same area siphon enough business from each other to undermine all?

Zoo people, who are among the most vocal critics of the parks, have already felt the pinch of competition. Several have attacked the commercial orientation of wild animal parks, expressing concern about what will happen to the animals if profits fall off and parks fail.

Such concern is certainly valid to the extent that most parks, like other commercial enterprises, equate success with economic viability. A conglomerate giant such as Warner Communications is not in the animal business because it loves Bambi but because of the money Bambi can earn for it. It is a safe bet that the moment Bambi's earnings fall off, Warner's interest will also drop. It is one thing to liquidate an inventory of gadgets and another to get rid of a herd of gnus.

Although the parks do not provide an environment comparable to life in the wild, the approximation of wilderness there, the expanse of meadows and plains and woods and watering places come much closer to nature than do the cages in a zoo. Consequently, animals that are born and raised and live in parks behave more normally, more like wild animals, than do their zoo counterparts.

Zoo animals, for a variety of reasons, rarely raise their own young. Most animals raised by humans become socialized to man rather than to each other and then must learn to reestablish into their own species groups. These animals do not readily breed and often fail to develop characteristic behavior patterns. They become so removed from their own counterparts that they require two or three generations of freedom from humans before they can be returned successfully to the wild.

"Everything about zoo life is unnatural," says Dr. Randall Eaton, director of Oregon's World Wildlife Safari and a most respected authority on big cats. "Animals kept in cages or in small enclosures have higher incidence of disease and suffer from limited physical activity and increased psychostress factors. You never see a truly representative pride of lions in a zoo, and no zoo has more than one pride. The competition among prides, the social interaction, the hunt-

continued



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ing, stalking, demarcating of territories are all impossible in a zoo. The behavior of parks' animals is remarkably close to that of animals in the wild."

The high reproductivity among park animals gives reason to hope that they may eventually become a major source for re-establishing animals in the wild. The parks are also potentially rich educational centers for enlightening the public about wildlife. Joe Tourist will be considerably more concerned about the imminent demise of the Asian lion if he has met one across the hood of his Ford.

"A park *should* entertain," says Dr. Eaton, "and it *should* be commercially viable, but it would be wrong and tragic to limit these parks with their vast potentials as legitimate research and scientific institutes purely to amusement. Beyond the entertainment we offer the public we envision World Wildlife Safari as a highly refined study center that will bring together scientists from all over the world and that will make a genuine contribution to our environment."

"We have just begun to explore the role of private enterprise in animal conservation and research," says Jay Emmett, "but we know it is enormous. Almost overnight we have accomplished more with animals with greater success and less red tape than most zoos in their entire histories. More important, we have forced zoos to take a hard look at themselves."

Not all zoos were entranced by the view. The progressive and heavily endowed San Diego Zoo opened its own wild animal park, an 1,800-acre complex at San Pasqual, 30 miles north of the city, early last year. But administrative personnel at other zoos grumbled, mumbled or, worse, barked their heads, hoping that this phenomenon would somehow go away. Not even the most vitriolic critic, however, could deny that the advent of wild animal parks represents a major revolution in the handling and housing of captive wild animals.

END

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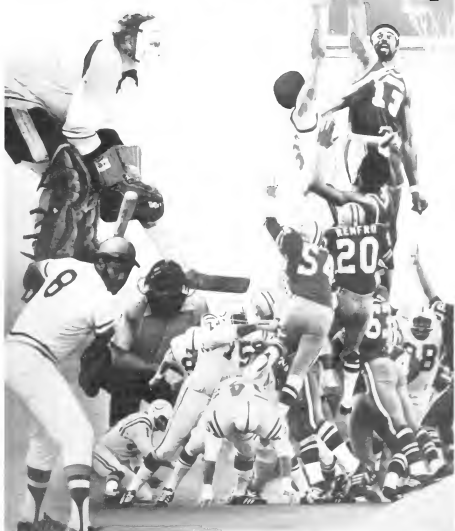
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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## NEW YORK VS. BOSTON

Sirs:

I must take exception to your Feb. 12 article *97-Pound Weaklings No More*. The New York Rangers only play like 97-pound weaklings in championship hockey games.

Mark Mulvey must remember that hitting is part of hockey and the Rangers and Bruins have been hitting each other for more than 40 years. It is only recently, however, that New York and Boston have been engaged in playing championship hockey and, as usual, the Rangers have choked.

New York has not had a championship NHL team for more years than I can remember, because the Rangers just do not win big games. The 7-3 victory over Boston that Mulvey writes about was not the end of the world for the Bruins. We all know that regular-season play does nothing more than make money for the owners and entertain the fans while the players jockey for playoff berths.

When the WHA appealed to the growing greed of professional athletes, the Bruins were dealt a severe blow by the loss of Goalkeeper Gerry Cheevers and Center Derek Sanderson. Now the Turk is back. Watch the Big Bad Bruins beat the 97-Pound Weaklings in the playoffs.

JOHN E. PARISI

Marion, Mass.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey did an excellent job of capturing the Rangers on and off the ice. I think the Rangers have proved that when they are healthy they can be one of the toughest teams in hockey. Emile Francis deserves much of the credit for putting together a team of experience, youth and skill.

As for the Boston Bruins, go back to your cage!

HOWARD SCHREIBER

Glen Rock, N.J.

Sirs:

It was a long time coming, but nevertheless your article was great. This may finally be the year the Rangers win it all—Stanley Cup, Prince of Wales Trophy and the Vezina Trophy (Go, Eddie and Gilles).

REGGIE LANSEBERRY

Roxbury, Conn.

Sirs:

Perhaps the saying "the truth hurts" is applicable here, but I don't think so. Your Feb. 5 and 12 issues featuring the Knicks and Rangers finally warrant the big ones over Boston were downright insulting. The Celtics still have the best record in basketball and the Bruins will be Stanley Cup champions again. Anyone is entitled to a

letdown, especially with the pace the Celtics have set. When playoff time comes, Boston will once again show its superiority. This year, though, in more than one sport.

MARK D. GROSSMAN

Bangor, Maine

## GOALIES

Sirs:

I am thrilled I didn't know that you knew there was a Pittsburgh hockey team. At last you have recognized the Penguins by letting Jim Rutherford describe how it is to be a goalie (*Watch Out, Here It Comes!*, Feb. 12). Thank you, SI and Mark Mulvey, for letting the great little goalie on the Penguins take over. And thanks to Melchior Di Giacomo for some excellent photographs.

BRUCE WHIMMAN

Avalon, Pa.

Sirs:

The pictures were excellent and Jim Rutherford sold it like it is. But your failure to include two of the greatest goalies was just too much. Your article would have been complete if you had just pictured Gilles Villemure and Gerry Desjardins. Villemure's record speaks for itself. Desjardins' is terrific but his team's isn't. Nonetheless, thanks for putting in Eddie Giacomin. He is the best goalie of them all.

GLENN MACDOCKY

Spotswood, N.J.

## HIGH FLYER

Sirs:

Hurrah for Steve Smith (*He's Raising the Roof*, Feb. 12)! Hurrah for Ron Reed! This article was one of the best I've read in your magazine, and track and field's biggest attraction deserves all of the praise you've given him.

Incidentally, Smith doesn't look like a duffel bag filled with bowling balls. To me he looks more like a duffel bag filled with granite.

I. SPINRAD

Newark, N.J.

Sirs:

In regard to your article on Steve Smith, it looks as though Apollo 17 will not be man's last voyage to the moon!

LOUIE CONTRERAS

Los Alamitos, N. Mex.

## STRAY COLTS

Sirs:

In regard to your article *Eleven Days That Shook the Colts* (Feb. 12), it is only fair to say that the shakedown has just begun. For a once loyal Colt fan it is agonizing to see

one of the greatest professional football teams of all times dismantled piece by piece and shipped away. Joe Thomas seems much like a spoiled child who has grown bored with his new toys.

George Plimpton's *Everyone Can't Be First String* (Dec. 18) beautifully depicted the circumstances under which the Colts are now operating, and in rereading that article, my mind skipped back even further to ABC's presentation of Plimpton's *The Great Quarterback Search*, in which we watched the champion Baltimore Colts—a family of men, one single unit—win, lose or be its only champions could. Alas, the days of the champions are long gone.

JOSEPH E. NORRIS JR.

Chapisco, Md.

Sirs:

I could see the trading of Johnny Unitas, but to trade Newsum, Curry, Mante, Logan and Balach is ridiculous. There goes most of the power that was left on the team.

TIM COONEY

Newfoundland, N.J.

Sirs:

Baltimore will be lucky if it gets into the winning column next season.

CHARLES W. ANDERSON

New Carrollton, Md.

Sirs:

The article shows that next season the Colts are going to have a young, strong football team.

JOE URRAN

Glassport, Pa.

Sirs:

I liked the article, but I don't think Bert Jones will back up Marty Domres. I think he will start or at least share equal time. The Russian Rifle has everything needed to be a pro quarterback. Come pro football season in Baltimore you'll hear a lot of chanting about Bert Who of LSU.

CORREY WALSH

Metairie, La.

## DPN, LITTLE LEAGUE STYLE

Sirs:

The "nay" vote on the designated-pitcher rule attributed to Little League Baseball in Bill Leggett's excellent piece *The 10th Max Cramer* (Feb. 5) is only partially correct.

Paradoxically, the pitchers among our two million regular Little Leaguers also represent the class of the batting order, so there is no need for designated pinch hitters and we did vote no. However, this is not the case in our 16- to 18-year-old Big League division.

Continued



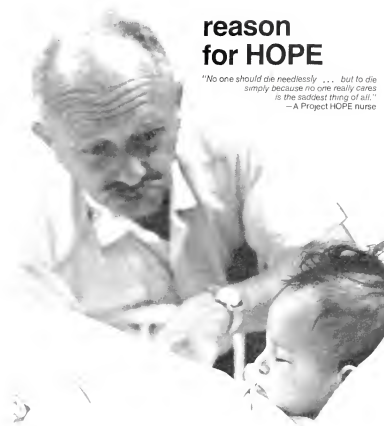
Not you're making my language.



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vision. In support of the American League's decision to accommodate a designated pinch hitter for the pitcher, it should be pointed out that four years ago Little League innovated an even more liberal (and so far, highly successful) variation of the rule for its Big Leaguers: a designated pinch hitter may be used for any player in the lineup. And, as a way of further utilizing special skills, a designated pinch runner may also be employed once each inning.

ROBERT H. STARRAT  
Little League Baseball

Williamsport, Pa.

#### WHOSE RECORD?

Sirs:

When UCLA defeated Notre Dame for the Bruins' 61st consecutive win (*Who Are These Guys?* Feb. 5), news media throughout the nation proclaimed the streak the longest in college basketball history. "Tan!" at Tarleton State College of the Lone Star Conference, formerly John Tarleton Agriculture College, stretched a winning streak of 36 consecutive games across the years of the mid-1930s for a record that has never been challenged by a college team.

Although a junior college at that time, Tarleton played a number of senior colleges and the Phillips Oilers in its four years of undefeated play. After dropping a 27-26 decision to San Angelo Junior College to end the streak at 36, the Plowboys, as they were known back in those days, came back to win an additional 25 straight games and gave Tarleton a 111-1 record in a six-year period. The architect for the 86-game streak was Coach W. J. Wisdom, who resides in Stephenville, Texas, home of Tarleton State College, and still attends Tarleton basketball games regularly.

J. LOUIS EVANS

Tarleton Station, Texas

#### RECRUITING GROUNDS

Sirs:

Horror story or not, if the facts presented by Kent Hannon in his article *Soy & Aot's So, CUP?* (Feb. 12) are as he reports, then college basketball must resign itself to a future of stark reality. Assuming that the three talented and promising young basketball players mentioned—Cliff Pondexter, Jackie Robinson and Richard Washington—do eventually wind up at UCLA, then indeed the Bruins' future is forever. I say more power to UCLA, for it well deserves the top spot.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Speaking (unofficially) for Elgin Baylor, Austin Carr, Jerry Chambers, Dave Bing and other stars of the area, we must protest. Kent Hannon's failure to mention the

most prominent basketball city in the nation is unforgivable, Washington, D.C. is, in the words of that genius Red Auerbach, "the hotbed of raw basketball talent in the country."

Hannon compounds the problem by failing to mention the most gifted schoolboy in the land, Adrian Dantley of De Matha High School of Hyattsville, Md. On a recent road trip Dantley and his teammates beat the No. 1- and No. 2-ranked teams of New York State within a 24-hour period. Surely this area deserves some attention.

MIKE GALLAGHER  
TOM KLATKO

Alexandria, Va.

#### SUPERFLY

Sirs:

Just a short note to thank you for the complimentary article about James (Fly) Williams and Austin Peay State University (*One Fly They Can't Swat*, Feb. 5). I'm sure we'll be hearing more about their basketball prowess in the future.

LEA LARSON

Clarksville, Tenn.

Sirs:

It's a shame that it takes a great basketball star such as Fly Williams to bring out the fact that the Ohio Valley Conference even exists. True, Austin Peay has a great player, but recognition should also be given to the fact that he plays in one of the toughest little conferences in the nation, the OVC.

STEVE ANDERSON

Newport News, Va.

#### CHRIS SCHENKEL (CONT.)

Sirs:

In my opinion Jack Olsen, as a writer, and Chris Schenkel, as an announcer, are very proficient in their specialties. However, I must take umbrage concerning the article *Virtue Is Its Own Reward* (Jan. 22). I was appalled when I read that Chris considered the late, great Dan Parker, sports editor of the New York *Daily Mirror* (and, before that, the *Waterbury American*) for approximately 40 years, "the big phony."

Fellow Waterburian Parker was not only one of the top sportswriters of this century but he was well known for his kindly and generous nature and his tremendous sense of humor. From its inception, he headed the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research with the late Walter Winchell.

Reading Parker was a daily ritual for millions of readers along the Eastern seaboard for more than 40 years. He was one of the most modest, yet most brilliant men that I have ever read and known.

*continued*

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## 19TH HOLE Continued

I feel sure that Parker did not intend to insult Schenkel or ndeale Bepus, Inc. Dan was famous for his kidding style and wit-isms, and he undoubtedly was having some fun with Schenkel. In other words Schenkel was being introduced and accepted in the "Big Apple."

HANRY (DUKE) DIT PO

Waterbury, Conn

Serv:

It was with a great shock that I read the article on Chris Schenkel written by your Mr. Jack Olsen. I have been a subscriber to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED since its inception. Mr. Olsen quoted Schenkel as saying he disliked broadcasting from Los Angeles Coliseum because of the "smell of marijuana." I challenge you or anyone else to prove that. And the statement that he saw people drop their pants in front of an audience is an absolute untruth.

Having been manager of the stadium for some 27 years, I have no knowledge of either of the alleged happenings having taken place in our stadium.

I don't mind fair criticism, but when journalists stoop to the point of speeding muthra-its, it is time to call the shot. I expect a retraction on this article.

W. H. NICHOLAS

General Manager

Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum

Los Angeles

Serv:

It seems rather ironic that a moral perfectionist who accepts nicotine, caffeine, barbiturates and "three or four Scotchies" should find the smell of marijuana reason enough to dislike broadcasting from the Los Angeles Coliseum.

BREND K. SNEYDY

Columbus, Ohio

Serv:

I am writing to thank you for your fine article on Chris Schenkel. If it were not for him, I would be a very unhappy football widow on many Sundays, Mondays and Saturdays of the year. Thanks to his excellent and enthusiastic coverage of the New York Giant football games during the 1960s, I became the most loyal fan of anyone I know. Now on Sunday afternoons and Monday nights I sit right beside my husband in front of the television screen to whoop and cheer my heart out for my very favorite team. And I'm not ashamed to say I love it.

CINDY ZACK

Troy, N.Y.

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